

# Escapade

JANUARY, 1957

50 CENTS



**Our First "Mr. Escapader" Award**

**GRETA THYSSEN: Hot Wind From the North**

**SHELL SCOTT: Blondes and Bullets**

To Pat -  
from your  
Escapader



## Escapaders of Distinction

From time to time, the Editors of *Escapade* have received letters from readers asking us to define the term *Escapader*. We have tried to offer an acceptable definition on a few occasions and, of course, the contents of *Escapade* are selected with the objective of pleasing the men (and women) we conceive to be *Escapaders*.

Another way of defining a term is to offer an example, and in this issue we offer an example of an *Escapader* with the presentation of our first *Escapader Cum Laude Award* to Ward Kimball, whose story appears on Page 40. We think that all who read this story will understand better what we have in mind when we refer to *Escapaders*, although most of our readers, no doubt, already have a pretty clear idea.

We'll admit that Ward is an exceptional personality, but basically the motives which move him are those which move all *Escapaders*. (Calling a person an *Escapader* is, in our opinion, just another way of calling him a nice guy, or her a nice gal). Life offers opportunities for all sorts of escapades (lower case): mental, emotional, physical. The *Escapader* is the man who *lives*; who gets a lot out of life, and contributes a lot in return.

That's probably the best definition

From time to time, we will bestow our *Escapader Cum Laude Award* upon other personalities. They won't all be carbon copies of Ward Kimball. But they will all fit our basic definition of the term *Escapader*.

Now, let's take a look at some of the other features listed in the exciting Table of Contents in this issue.

*Escapade* was fortunate in being able to obtain a short story concerning a slam-bang escapade in the career of hard-boiled private eye Shell Scott, transcribed by his creator, Richard Prather, especially for this magazine. Hitherto, Shell Scott has appeared only in novel-length books, which have become the nation's leading best-sellers, but for *Escapade* Prather wrote this special short story, complete in this issue. It's full of guns, girls, intrigue, humor and action. See "Too Many Girls" on Page 11.

Greta Thyssen (pronounced Ty-sen) is the truly sensational beauty who currently is making quite an impressive showing in the Hollywood arena. Great things, as they say, are predicted for her, but we doubt that she will ever appear anywhere to better advantage than she does in the photo-story which starts on Page 22. This is quite a girl, well worth the price of admission!

*Escapaders*, or ninety-nine per cent of them, are more than mildly interested in jazz music. In the past, *Escapade* has represented with some consistency the cause of modern, or progressive, jazz. In "Can Jazz Be Progressive?" Dan Burley, himself a talented musician and writer of authority, flips the coin, taking the position that if it's progressive, it ain't jazz at all.

These are only a few of the outstanding features of this colorful issue. There's a great deal more: fiction, informative articles, satirical humor, funny cartoons and, naturally, girls.

This is strictly an *Escapaders'* issue, and we feel certain that all *Escapaders* everywhere (bless 'em!) will have a mighty fine time with it.



# escapade

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**CREDITS:** Cover photo, Bill Graham; photo, Page 2, Walt Disney Productions; drawings, Page 2, Good Time Jazz Recording Co.; photos, Pages 20-21, Bill Graham; photos, Pages 22-25, Russ Meyer; photos, Pages 34-37, Bill Reid; photos, Pages 40-41, Ralph Poole; photos, Pages 60-61, Whitland Locke.

**Escapade** is published monthly by the DEE PUBLISHING CO. Editorial and business offices: Suite 205-210 8511 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles 46, California. Office of publication, Division Street, Derby, Conn. Application for 2nd Class Mailing Privileges pending at the Postoffice at Derby, Conn. Printed in the U.S.A. No responsibility is accepted for unsolicited manuscripts, drawings or pictures, but contributions are invited provided return postage accompanies all submissions. Similarity between actual persons, names or places and persons, names or place appearing in **ESCAPADE** is not intended and is purely coincidental. Copyright, 1957, by DEE PUBLISHING CO.

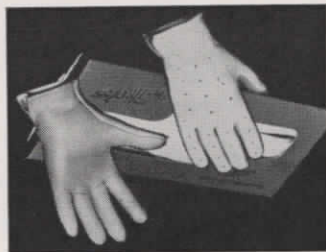
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# Escapade's

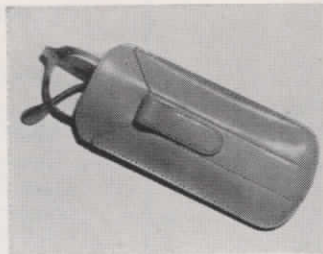
## NOTICE

The selection of items described on these pages was made with the discriminating Escapade in mind. Mail order checks and money orders should not be sent to us, but direct to the manufacturer or distributor.



### DRIVING GLOVES

Here's the ultimate in comfort and convenience in driving gloves. Made from selected feather-weight deerskin, they assure gripping power and finger dexterity. They are custom-crafted to fit, and the "breathing" deerskin and perforated backs keep the hands cool. They are available in rich saddle-tan or two-tone saddle and white, and there's a choice of the shirred elastic wristband or snap-button wrist. Available at \$7.95 a pair, postage prepaid, from Thurlow Glove Co., 100 N.E. Union Ave., Portland, Ore.



### POCKET CLIP CASE

Of special interest to sports car drivers is this pocket clip case made of fine top-grain tan cowhide, with a spring clip that holds it securely to shirt pocket or driving jacket. It also may be clipped to an auto sun visor for convenience. Its soft-grip interior holds glasses or sun goggles of any size, and it practically never wears out or loses its good looks. Another nice thing about it is the price—just \$2 from Columbia Supply Co., Dept. 41, 404 Security Bldg., 234 East Colorado St., Pasadena, Calif.



### BAR-NOCULARS

Here's a real cutie for the sly tippler. Each barrel of these powerful looking "field glasses" holds 10 ounces of life-sustaining liquid—or one barrel can be used to hold a chaser for the type who likes to build a fire and then put it out. Black leather finish, aluminum lined. Eye pieces are really one-ounce jiggers with cork stoppers. The glasses come in a rugged genuine pigskin carrying case, corduroy lined, with shoulder strap. Delivered price is \$9.95 from Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 851 Damar Building, Elizabeth, New Jersey.

## barbs and balm...

### HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

#### DEAR ESCAPADE:

I have been a constant reader of Escapade since your first issue, and have enjoyed it every single month. I'll admit that Escapade's girls are a big attraction, but I also get a big kick out of your stories, etc.

Happy Birthday to you—and many happy returns of the day!

DUKE WALDRON  
Defiance, Ohio

#### DEAR ESCAPADE:

Your First Anniversary Issue was the best yet—keep up this standard during the years to come, and every birthday will be a happy one!

MARSTON WHEELER  
San Francisco, California

#### DEAR ESCAPADE:

Congratulations on your first year! May there be many more!

Glad to see that you finally discovered that it's just as easy to give us a good center-spread as it is to give us a crummy one. Your September center-pic left me cold. If you could imagine another piece of furniture in the room, it would have to be a cash register with \$2 rung up.

Your October lass more than made up for it, though. She really rated my wall. I'll be shelling out my shekels for another year in hopes for one just as good. Hope you try to keep it up! (The high quality work, that is.)

#### HOLLIS FRENCH

Massachusetts Institute of Technology

#### DEAR ESCAPADE:

I play in a small combo (piano) and I'd just like to let you know that we and the other musicians appreciate what Escapade is doing for up-jazz.

Sometimes, we get a bit discouraged in getting our message across to audiences which have been sold on pop and hill-billy. Thanks to your magazine, there seems to be a lot more interest in and understanding of what we're trying to do.

We all wish you a very happy birthday, and many more to come.

DON WARREN  
Detroit, Michigan

#### DEAR ESCAPADE:

Happy birthday! May the worst day you ever have be better than the best day you've ever had. Keep up the good work!

JERRY BREISBAUM  
New York City

#### DEAR ESCAPADE:

Congratulations on your first year of publication. You've brought a new and fresh and exciting approach to entertainment magazines. Despite some bad printing at times, your general standards have been excellent...

#### WILLIS FREEMAN

Los Angeles, California

(EDITOR'S NOTE: To all of the Escapaders who sent good wishes on our first anniversary, our sincerest thanks. We wish we had room to print all of your letters, but that's impossible, unfortunately. We are, whether your letter made B&B or not, very grateful.)

### OUR MISS EMPEY

#### DEAR ESCAPADE:

In the August issue of Escapade you really outdid yourself with a picture-story called "The Empey-rean Sea," photographed by Bill Graham. That man should be congratulated on his taste for beautiful scenery, namely Marguerite Empey.

Being an amateur photographer myself, I try to learn all I possibly can by reading and studying photography books. Marguerite is familiar to me but her name doesn't strike a bell. In other books and magazines she has posed for Russ Meyer under the name of Diane Weber, unless she has a twin sister.



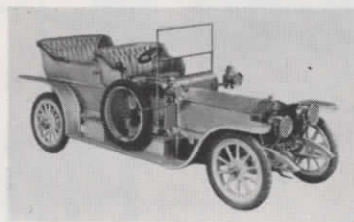
# EMPORIUM



## BAR-IN-A-BARREL

Roll out this barrel and joy reigns supreme! Built to hang on a wall or stand on a table, this complete service bar is 20 inches high, closes to an economical 16 inches wide and opens to a generous 36½ inches.

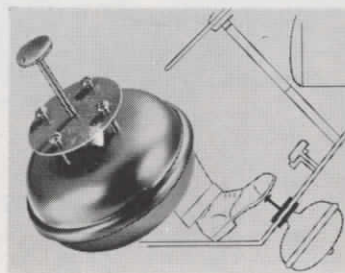
Six crystal highball glasses, six cocktail glasses, six jiggers, a smart hand-blown crystal mixing pitcher and muddler, and a covered jar for olives, cherries or onions. The keg is walnut finished, brass bound, and its base will accommodate your favorite bottled goods. From Nancy's Bazaar, P.O. Box 340, Elizabeth, New Jersey.



## ROLLS ROYCE MODEL

Accurate to scale in every detail, here's a brand new 1906-model Rolls Royce Silver Ghost for model-building hobbyists. The kit contains everything needed to construct the 1/35th-scale model, which in its completed form is eight inches long and weighs two pounds. All castings are plated and it features a screw-and-nut assembly. Each set is handsomely boxed and carries full instructions for assembly.

The kit is \$7.90; a finished model is available also, at \$15.50 from Graphic Designers, Ltd., 4 Holly Park, London N.3, England.



## BERMUDA BELL

Here's one for the car owner who takes more than usual pride and interest in his mortgaged transportation—a Bermuda Carriage Bell. It will add a note of distinction to any car, whether jalopy or limousine. Its two-toned clangor will attract as much attention on the highway as any horn made. It's easily installed through the floorboard in such a manner that the plunger pedal is at toe-tip. This dingus will cost you \$9.95 postage prepaid from Dept. E, Prince Enterprises, 103 Park Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

No two girls could be so much alike, no matter what names they might use.

Naturally, a disagreement arose between my friends and myself that the two are one. Being determined to prove that Marguerite and Diane are the same, I tried comparing their pictures and found definitely, to my own satisfaction, at least, that they both have the same shaped noses and ears, jaw structure, curvature of eyebrows (beautiful, aren't they?) along with other things.

My fellow shutter-bugs still aren't convinced. They believe that photos can be deceiving. I agree there, but they can't be *that* deceiving. I'll leave the answer up to you. Do I rate as a detective, or should I just stick to the fine art of photography . . .

P. J. STRIZZI  
Hollywood, California

## DEAR ESCAPEE:

Your August issue is just wonderful. All the stories, articles and pictures were just excellent. Please have more of Miss Empey in the future.

EDWARD M. DOLAN  
Chicago, Illinois

## DEAR ESCAPEE:

Will you please forward this to Miss Empey? Thanks:

"Dear Miss Empey: After seeing your picture in the latest issue of *Escapade*, I entered it in the Miss Hartman Hall Con-

test. It is with the greatest pleasure that I inform you of your election as Hartman Hall's Winter Weekend Queen. With this election, not only myself and Hartman Hall invite you to be present at Winter Weekend, but all of Franklin and Marshall College extend a cordial invitation to you . . ."

DAVID CAREY  
Franklin and Marshall College  
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

## DEAR ESCAPEE:

Your pix of Marguerite Empey are the most. Can we see more of her in future issues? I'm wild about those dark eyes!

JOHN JAY DICK  
Alton, Illinois

## DEAR ESCAPEE:

Enjoyed very much your spread on Marguerite Empey by Bill Graham, but this is the second time she has appeared and still you haven't given her vital statistics. By the pictures, it would seem she runs close competition to Meg Myles, who has them nearly all beat on the top tape.

D. K.  
Washington, D. C.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Escapade* Strizzi is correct; Marguerite Empey and Diane Weber are one and the same. Our girl uses both names for professional purposes. To *Escapade* D. K.: We don't dig this preoccupation with statistical measure-

ments, and we've never asked for Marguerite's. We do know she's a small girl, as models go, and beautifully proportioned; she's wholesome and healthy, too, happily married to a rather large gent who, like Marguerite, neither drinks nor smokes. We've got good news for her many fans: thanks in large measure to her pictures in *Escapade*, Marguerite has been "discovered" by Hal Wallis, who has signed her to a movie contract. She'll continue to appear in *Escapade*, too).

## CANO ALBUM

### DEAR ESCAPEE:

The September issue of *Escapade* stated in a feature article, "New Sound," by Joe Knefler, that the album "Cole Porter and Me" was a current RCA-Victor album.

I have checked many stores and they know of no such album. Please tell me where this or any other Eddie Cano album can be purchased.

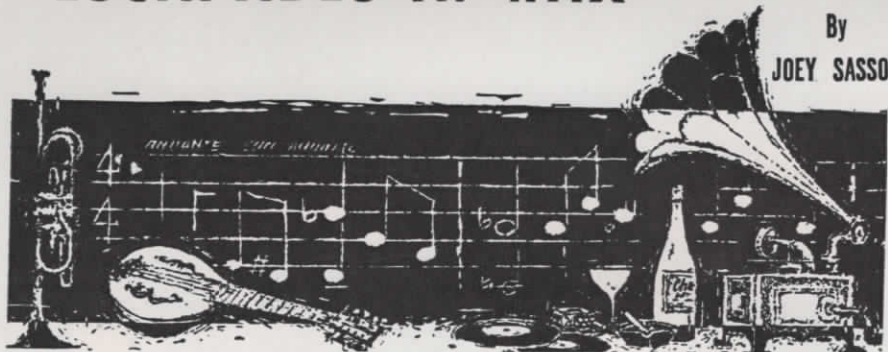
HOWARD TANNER  
Granada Hills, California

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The article did not state that the album was current. Latest word from RCA-Victor is that the album will be released in January. These things take time, they tell us. In answer to *Escapade* Tanner's second query, this is Cano's first and, so far, only album, although he has recorded with other bands).

(continued on next page)



# ESCAPADES IN WAX



By  
JOEY SASSO

## POPULAR

Patti Page, a simpatico kitten who can purr a melody with the best on the pop fence, goes exploring into more sophisticated musical purlieus on her EmArcy release "Patti Page in the Land of Hi-Fi." For the first time she switches from the patently commercial, ricky-tick stuff to more soul-satisfying work with smart, jazz-rooted material, like "The Lady Is A Tramp" and "Love For Sale." She spares the gimmicks, favors a plumb-line approach to a lyric and displays a polished phrasing and healthy swing. Ex-Kenton arranger Pete Rugolo batons a crew of hip artists including Bob Cooper, Georgie Auld, Pete Condoli and Rocky Coluccio that contributes mightily to the "big band" sound of the package. A hefty play-worthy pop jazz vehicle to tone up your system.

\* \* \* \*

"The Elgart Touch" (Columbia) is another in a lengthening list of aural mobiles fashioned by one of the top sophisticated swingers in the business. As in previous sets, Les Elgart constructs a sound that is sugary and sensuous. Mixed in with a tossed salad of standards ("Autumn Serenade," "Fascinatin' Rhythm," "Street of Dreams" and "Where Or When") are a quartet of originals penned by arranger Charlie Albertine: "Three To Get Ready," "Swing Swan," "Slo Roll," and the band's signature, "Dancing Sound." Elgart's bearded brother, Larry, an honest sax honker from 'way back, weaves some pulsating patterns and is a solo standout on "Autumn Serenade." A potent popsicle for any pajama game.

\* \* \* \*

The one-time Ray Anthony vocalist, Ronnie Deauville, goes solo on an Era release ("Smoke Dreams") and comes up with a relaxed and giddy set designed to make many a heart 'neath a negligee ping-pong it up in double-time. Deauville has a heads-up lyric gift which he fuses with panting sophistication in a cornucopia of time-tested standards like "I Kiss Your Hand, Madame," "Love Is Here to Stay," and "I Concentrate on You." The Minikin, unobtrusive quintet waved on by Lloyd Shaffer, is smartly selected to dramatize Deauville's whispering voice and co-gently paced to help you get her to the couch on time. The supine nymph on the cover is a lulu and is suitable for framing at any strategic location in your pad.

## JAZZ

If you're one of the cognescenti who wants to keep abreast of jazz sounds emanating from the Continent then you'll flip for a five-part set of European jazz on the Bally label. Included are: "English Jazz," Johnny Keating And All Stars; "Swedish Jazz," Gosta Theselius And All Stars; "French Jazz," Claude Bolling And All Stars; "Swiss Jazz," Hazy Osterwald And His Sextet, and "Belgian Jazz," David Bee And His Orchestra. Judging from the meat in these sets, they are hot for progressive jazz across the big ditch. There's no pussyfooting around in any of these slices. They all display a far-out jazz feeling that will rattle the shingles of any red, white and blue loyalist who may think we have an exclusive franchise on jazz creativity. To our ears, the English set is easily the best of the batch, perhaps because it's tonally close to jazz American, as practiced by the Ted Heath crew, with whom most of the Keating men are associated. The Frenchmen dish out a toothsome plate of *Hors d'Oeuvres* sprinkled with a bit of Ellington spice. Bolling, the pianist-leader, reveals a rollicking right hand and a lively left that jabs tunes out of the keyboard for a full count. The Swiss import has a slightly affected West Coast "accent" but shows some solo individuality. The Swedish entry reemphasizes that country's affinity for jazz cool-modern. Belgian jazz is an interesting hybrid that's incisive and always dynamic. There are 12 originals on each disk per country which, unfortunately delimits the creative spark in many cases. In any event, this should be an exhilarating excursion for jazzophiles with cosmopolitan tastes.

\* \* \* \*

"Eddie Condon's Treasury of Jazz" (Columbia) is not as monumental a work as the title would suggest but it does have its inspired moments. The motivating influence behind this presentation is the publication of a book by Condon under the name given to the album. The list of characters in the book inspired the selection of tunes, i.e.: "I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter" (Fats Waller), "I've Got a Crush on You" (Lee Wiley), "Don't Get Around Much Anymore" (Duke Ellington) and "Someday You'll Be Sorry" (Louis Armstrong). The regulars from Condon's pool hall in Greenwich Village, including Pee Wee Russell, Wild Bill Davison, Billy Butterfield, George Wettling and Gene Schroeder, hoke things up to a lively pace. Condon captivates and jazz classicists may be rejuvenated by this one.

## barbs and balm

(Continued from Page 5)

## WITHOUT A DOUBT

DEAR ESCAPADE:

Having read and carefully saved every issue of your magazine, I feel I can make as good an observation on your book as any.

First, to those (sic) people who feel that your magazine should go (B&B, November Escapade). No one has asked them to read your magazine but as long as they're looking for trouble tell them to take a careful look at their newsstand and see all the real trash that should go before *Escapade* is even criticized.

As for myself, I look forward each month to enjoying *Escapade* and give you my whole-hearted support.

LEW CLAPP  
Oxnard, California

DEAR ESCAPADE:

I read a couple of letters in your B&B of November, and I want to say a few words to some of your (sic) readers.

I am a yeoman on the U. S. S. Matabo (ATF-86) and I always buy *Escapade* as soon as I see a new issue on the stands. As soon as the men find out that a new *Escapade* is on board, the ship's office, where I work, has a number of "visitors."

If your magazine "leads my soul to Hell" I think I'll have plenty of company. Keep up the good work and don't pay too much attention to the "unnatural ones" who write to you. I think you have a truly fine men's mag!

JIMMY E. THOMPSON  
FPO San Francisco, California

DEAR ESCAPADE:

In reference to a few misguided creatures who at times have clouded up and rained all over your mag with rash and unjustified comments, Sigmund Freud, Dr. Kinsey (R.I.P.) and scores of others, including Mickey Spillane, have endeavored to present sex to the world in various shapes and forms.

If these self-appointed crusaders want to start fires, or stomp them out, whichever the case may be, let them write a few letters to certain leaders of governments in this old world and do their beefing where it will do the most good.

Then maybe guys like me can stay home and have more time to read your fine magazine.

THOMAS HUTCHINSON  
Newport Beach, California

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Those jerks don't make us nervous—we think they're kind of funny in a (sic) sort of way. Thanks.)

## WE COULDN'T, EITHER

DEAR ESCAPADE:

The May issue of *Escapade* just found its way to us in Africa.

We studied your "What's So Unusual About These Pictures?" article for hours and couldn't find a damn thing wrong. Are we abnormal?

ISOLATED AFRICAN G'S  
APO 843, New York City

(EDITOR'S NOTE: For the benefit of late arrivals, the article in question depicted a girl on the Sunset Strip in Los Angeles. Other than the fact that she was nude, she wasn't unusual—except that she was very pretty).



NOW! . . . by exclusive arrangement . . . the most famous Jazz artists of our time in their latest and greatest performances—recorded in thrilling High-Fidelity and brought direct to your home AT TREMENDOUS SAVINGS!

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This Exclusive Brand-New  
1956 High-Fidelity 12"  
Long-Playing Record

## and the Band that Swings the Blues!

YES, you may have FREE this brand-new 1956 recording of the happiest, jumpiest, foot-stompingest Jazz music you ever heard anywhere! Basie pulls out every stop in the book, throws in his grandest sounds . . . with the big band, the sextet and his soloist, the great Joe Williams, young winner of last year's Best Band Vocalist award! And Basie? . . . he won all of last year's polls! TWELVE exciting numbers in all — almost a full hour with the master Jazzman who gave Kansas City Jazz to the world and paved the way for all the modern Jazz experiments. A genuine collector's item — but YOURS FREE to introduce you to this exciting Jazz Program of the American Recording Society!



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"DOWN BEAT"  
READERS'  
POLL AWARD  
for  
BIG BAND JAZZ  
1955**

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NOW, without spending a penny, you can judge for yourself this thrilling example of the American musical revolution that has swept the world! Discover for yourself why Jazz is acclaimed as America's greatest ambassador of good will—why millions of our global neighbors literally fight their way into cafes, ballrooms and music halls to hear visiting American Jazzmen!

By an exclusive arrangement with the American Recording Society, Mr. Jazz himself—Norman Granz—will supervise special performances by the greatest Jazzmen of our time, including his own roster of artists. Imagine! . . . exclusive new performances by such giants of Jazz as Illinois Jacquet, Gene Krupa, Count Basie, Dizzy Gillespie, Ella Fitzgerald, Roy Eldridge, Lionel Hampton, Louis Bellson, Flip Phillips, Stan Getz and countless others!

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With your free introductory record will come the current selection for your personal audition . . . a new 12" High-Fidelity record "The Swinging Jazz of Lionel Hampton" (described below). But you are under no

obligation to buy the Hampton record, or any other record from the Society. If you wish, simply return the audition record, tell us to cancel the Associate Membership reserved in your name, and keep the free recording of Count Basie.

If, however, you decide to give membership a trial, then after your purchase of the Hampton record you will receive, FREE, a wonderful 12" Bonus Record for every two additional 12" selections you accept from the Society. Since the price to members for each selection accepted is \$3.98, actually your cost per record, exclusive of a few cents tax and shipping, comes to about \$2.65 per selection!

In addition, with each selection you will receive your copy of the Society's publication, "Enjoyment of Jazz", without charge. This exciting publication will give you month-by-month a complete course in the understanding and appreciation of Jazz music.

### Send For Your FREE Record At Once

Of course, each month's selection is announced to you in advance, and you simply return the form always provided if you do not care to buy a particular record. Remember, you take no risk in accepting the gift record, "Count Basie and the Band That Swings the Blues", and you may accept as many selections or as few as you choose. Furthermore, you may cancel your trial membership at any time. So why not mail the coupon for your FREE record—today!

Jazz Division, American Recording Society, Dept. 848 ES-1  
100 Sixth Avenue, New York 13, N. Y.

Send me, free of charge, the Long-Playing 33 $\frac{1}{3}$  RPM Introductory "Count Basie and the Band That Swings The Blues" Record and grant me trial charter membership.

I am not obligated to purchase any records, but each month you will notify me of the forthcoming NEW release, which I may reject, on the form provided. With each record I purchase you will send me, also free, a new issue of "Enjoyment of Jazz".

Send me at once for free audition your new release of Lionel Hampton which I may purchase for only \$3.98 (plus a few cents U.S. tax and shipping). If I wish to continue this trial membership and do purchase the Hampton record, I am entitled to receive, FREE, a 12" Hi-Fi record for every two further records I purchase at the member's price of only \$3.98. I therefore may get 3 records for your price of 2—or only \$2.65 a record.

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AMERICAN RECORDING SOCIETY, 100 Sixth Avenue, New York 13, N. Y.







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## escapade on broadway

A DECADE ago, the young college male on a spree in Manhattan would make a surreptitious dash for one of the myriad Forty-second Street burlesque emporiums. In these flesh-and-frolic palaces, the art may have been negligible, but the views were enchanting, particularly from front row center. As a palliative from academic mind-stretching, these furtive excursions during school holidays were breathlessly anticipated. Moreover, it was vastly instructive. A bird's-eye view of a naked thigh or a well-turned breast offered a much more diverting means of studying human anatomy than any achromatic chart. And then, New York's "Little Flower," the late Mayor Fiorella La Guardia, hovered into view and irately blew the whistle on one of the City's oldest and most popular forms of entertainment. Burlesque theaters permanently were shuttered; licenses were revoked; and strip-tease danceuses went underground or, to be more accurate, migrated uptown to West Fifty-second Street cellar dives. But fate still pursued them. Early in 1956, the Rockefeller interests purchased practically all of Fifty-second Street, promptly evicted the cellar club tenants, and forthwith laid ambitious plans to expand Rockefeller Center, a model of ascetic architecture. In short, the shapely structures of the girls were compelled to yield to the symmetry of modern building lines.

To the lads-about-town, things seemed at their darkest. Or, at least they did until last autumn when the town's loftiest and normally conservative supper clubs suddenly, and quite surprisingly, came to the rescue. Heretofore, most of the bistros of the caliber of the Plaza's Persian Room, the Waldorf-Astoria's Empire Room, and the Pierre's Cotillion Room, offered remarkably decorous entertainment. Occasionally, in an impish mood, managements permitted a nod or two (generally in a lyric) in the direction of suggestiveness. All was very urbane, yet singularly naive despite the outward coating of sophistication. Even the "Little Flower" would have bestowed his blessings upon these proprieties but, fortuitously, he never caught a glimpse of the recently created act of Lisa Kirk, who was the essential spark that ignited the present supper club conflagration.

Miss Kirk, an exquisitely proportioned young songstress with a designing demeanor, added a new wrinkle to these emphatically proper surroundings; uninhibited sex peppered with appropriate song. Performing what amounted to a one-woman revue, Miss Kirk sailed blissfully through a potpourri of musical numbers, changed garments several times (often in full view of the audience) and finally, completed her rondelay by taking an actual shower bath on the supper club floor. And, all this, mind you, in the

stately confines of the Waldorf and Plaza!

Flushed and inspired by Miss Kirk's singular success, other top divas have been following the song-and-scrub pattern, including erstwhile Metropolitan Opera soprano Marguerite Piazza, who manages to combine intricate arias with a bath in a gilded tub on stage. If Miss Kirk's revolutionary and daring turn accomplished little else, at least it has provided us with the "cleanest" supper club songstresses in history!

But Miss Kirk's experiment has, to the general delight of the town's bonifaces, also attracted a new contingent of free-wheeling patrons: the young partying males. No longer are the first-class saloons the private premises of the elite middle-aged. Almost nightly, a generous sprinkling of youth can be observed occupying these once exclusive ringside areas.

However, in the opinion of this correspondent, if hotel managements wish to retain this newly-developed—and highly welcome—patronage, they will be forced to make concessions, notably in their price schedules. As anyone who has frequented the town's major midnight boites will tell you, prices are way above the range of the average American youth. Unless Dad's expense account can absorb the formidable costs of an evening in one of these glittering entertainment oases, these new patrons soon will be fortified to less expensive, and perhaps more questionable, amusement traps.

Perhaps a night or two each week might be designated for reduced tariffs, just as the ticket scale of the legitimate theatre generally is reduced Mondays through Thursdays. Or, possibly Saturday luncheon "matinees" might be instituted as a lure for the younger patronage. In any event, it's worth a try. If Miss Kirk could have taken so bold a step, so could an enterprising hotel management.

\* \* \* \* \*

Despite the recent edict of Actor's Equity Association which forbids more than a handful of British players in any one local production, the English have provided Broadway with its greatest excitement thus far this season. The year's initial hit, "The Reluctant Debutante," is concurrently running in London's West End. The principal players are British citizens: Adrienne Allen; her daughter, Anna Massey; Wilfred Hyde White, and John Merivale. The Old Vic Company, which specializes in plays of Shakespeare, descended upon Times Square with a repertoire of four dramas and an aggregation of forty English performers.

*Stanley Richards*



# They DREW their way from "Rags to Riches"

## Now they're helping others do the same

By REX TAYLOR

**A**LBERT DORNE was a kid of the slums who loved to draw. Before he was 13, he had to quit school to support his family. Although he worked 12 hours a day—he managed to study art at home in "spare time." Soon people were willing to pay good money for his drawings. At 22 he was earning \$500 a week as a commercial artist. He rose higher and higher to become probably the most fabulous money-maker in the history of advertising art.

Dorne's "rags to riches" story is not unique. Norman Rockwell left school at 15. Stevan Dohanos, famous cover artist, drove a truck before turning to art. Harold Von Schmidt was an orphan at 5. Robert Fawcett, the "illustrators' illustrator," left school at 14. Austin Briggs, who once couldn't afford a cold-water flat, now lives in a magnificent home over 100 feet long.

**A plan to help others:** Nearly ten years ago, these men gathered in Dorne's luxurious New York studio for a fateful meeting. With them were six other equally famous artists—Al Parker, Jon Whitcomb, Fred Ludekens, Ben Stahl, Peter Helck, John Atherton. Almost all had similar "rags to riches" backgrounds.

Dorne outlined to them a problem and a plan. He pointed out that artists were needed all over the country. And thousands of men and women wanted very much to become artists. What these people needed most was a convenient and effective way to master the trade secrets and professional know-how that the famous artists themselves had learned only by long, successful experience. "Why can't we," asked Dorne, "develop some way to bring this kind of top-drawer art training to anyone with talent...no matter where they live or what their personal schedules may be?"

The idea met with great enthusiasm. In fact, the twelve famous artists quickly buckled down to work—taking time off from their busy careers. Looking for a way to explain drawing techniques to students who would be thousands of miles away, they turned to the war-born methods of modern visual training. What better way could you teach the art of making

pictures, they reasoned, than through pictures? They made over 5,000 drawings specially for the school's magnificent home study lessons. And after they had covered the fundamentals of art, each man contributed to the course his own special "hallmark" of greatness. For example, Norman Rockwell devised a simple way to explain characterization and the secrets of color. Jon Whitcomb showed how to draw the "glamour girls" for which he is world-famous. Dorne showed step-by-step ways to achieve animation and humor.

Finally, the men spent three years working out a revolutionary, new way to correct a student's work. For each drawing the student sent in, he would receive a long personal letter of criticism and advice. Along with the letter, on a transparent "overlay," the instructor would actually draw, in detail, his corrections of the student's work. Thus there could be no misunderstanding. And the student would have a permanent record to refer to as often as he liked.

**School is launched; students quickly succeed.** The Famous Artists Schools (whose classrooms are the students' own homes and whose faculty is the most fabulous ever assembled in art education) now has 5,000 active students in 32 countries. The famous artists who started the school as a labor of love still own it, run it, and are fiercely proud of what it has done for its students.

Eric Ericson is a good example. He used to work in an auto parts department. Today, he is an Art Director at seven times the salary he was making when he enrolled.

John Whitaker of Memphis was an airline clerk when he started his art studies. Two years later, he won a national cartooning contest. Re-



**ALBERT DORNE** — one of the greatest money-makers in commercial art. From the window of his luxurious studio high above New York, Dorne can see the slum tenement where he once lived.

cently, he was signed to do a comic strip for a group of newspapers.

John Busketta was a pipe-fitter's helper with a gas company. Now he works for the same company in the advertising department at a big increase in pay.

Harriet Kuzniewski was bored with an "ordinary" job when she enrolled. A few months later, she landed a job as fashion artist. A year after that, she was made assistant art director. Now, she does important fashion illustrations and gets lots of free-lance work, too.

**"Where are the famous artists of tomorrow?"** Dorne is not surprised at all by the success of his students. "Opportunities open to trained artists today are enormous," he says. "We continually get calls and letters from art buyers all over the U. S. They ask us for practical, well-trained students—not geniuses—who can step into full-time or part-time jobs.

"I'm firmly convinced," Dorne goes on, "that many men and women are missing an exciting career in art simply because they hesitate to think that they have talent. Many of them do have talent. These are the people we want to train for success in art... if we can only find them."

**Unique art talent test:** To discover people with talent worth developing, the twelve famous artists created a remarkable, revealing 12-page Talent Test. Originally they charged \$1 for the test. But now the school offers it free and grades it free. Men and women who reveal natural talent through the test are eligible for training by the school.

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Eric Ericson



John Whitaker



John Busketta



Harriet Kuzniewski



**NORMAN ROCKWELL** — this best-loved American artist left school at 15.





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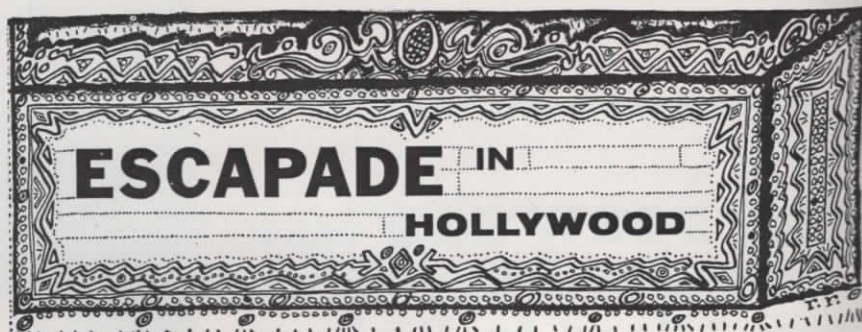
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WITH the love-match of TV and movies finally launched on its happily mature domestic course after years of tiresome adolescent wrangling, 1957 looms as a banner year for the combined entertainment industry on a much bigger scale than either segment could achieve squabbling with the other.

On the heels of 20th Century-Fox's \$30,000,000 lease and production deal with National Telefilm Associates and United Artists' package leasing of recent pictures to NBC, which just about completed TV's infiltration of Hollywood show business this past year, far-reaching plans for still closer collaboration are currently cooking.

Being mulled over at this writing by the bigwigs of the Motion Picture Association of America and Motion Picture Industry Council is the radical new proposal of Leonard Goldenson, the ABC mogul, aimed at luring more fans to the movie box offices by means of direct promotion over ABC-TV.

Under the Goldenson plan, which has received a lot of enthusiastic support, there would be weekly talent auditions in theaters across the country controlled by the ABC-Paramount Theaters setup. Winners would then take part in weekly closed-circuit auditions to be viewed by key Hollywood screen executives. The arm-chair judges would pick out the most promising lads and lasses and bring them to Hollywood, where their appearance on ABC coast-to-coast shows would be keyed to the inter-industry hunt for new talent. Stressing the closest cooperation, top producers would submit lists of upcoming films in which spots for newcomers would be open, so that the tyros would be shooting for specific roles.

Sparking such an idea was Otto Preminger's recent successful search for a girl to play "Saint Joan," and the interest whipped up by the lovely winner's appearance on the Ed Sullivan TV show.

The Goldenson project is only one of a bevy of New Year proposals to whip up interest in Hollywood's combined entertainment product. Plans envisioned include Golden Jubilee festivities here in the film capital, marking the 50th anniversary of the first film production in Hollywood's orange groves by the late Col. Billy Selig in 1907, and pointing up the civic beautification campaign which has already given a brand-new look to Hollywood Boulevard.

Another 1957 promotion plan is public participation in the annual Oscar showdown with revival of Bob Taplinger's proposed Oscar Derby. Moviegoers would have a chance to vote on their choices for top actor and picture honors, with jackpot

prizes for those whose selections come closest to the official Academy Award in March. MPAA is already going ahead with active plans for the Oscar Derby.

Meanwhile, up on the immediate production front, the twin industries still have to forge ahead each in its own way, with the TV networks frantically adding facilities and swinging more and more to color, keeping pace with the movie trend to super-colossal spectacles like Cecil B. DeMille's \$15,000,000 "The Ten Commandments," which you have to go to a movie theater to see.

While the box offices, including drive-ins, still lag behind the boom years and the all-out emphasis is on bigger and fewer films proportionately, still, the way it works out, the cameras are grinding out an increasing deluge of new pictures.

Twentieth Century-Fox plans to make more pictures during 1957 than it has made in any year since the war, with more than 40 top features to be released during the year. Typifying Fox's saturation technique is "Anastasia," the recently released \$6,000,000 Buddy Adler production filmed in Europe, which brings Ingrid Bergman back to the American screen. Also in the \$5-\$6-million category are Fox's big Cole Porter musical "Can Can," which goes before the camera this month, and David O. Selznick's long-awaited remake of Ernest Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms," due to get under way early this year.

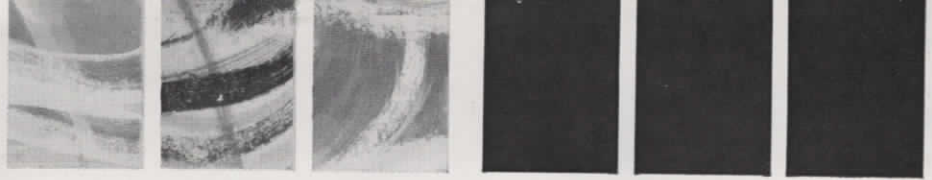
RKO, which has built up its backlog of top story properties after a lapse during the Howard Hughes regime, recently announced that its production activity was at an 11-year peak. And auguring the type of picture coming up from Universal-International is its big Oscar contender "Written on the Wind," which opened here over the holidays starring Rock Hudson, Lauren Bacall, Robert Stack and Dorothy Malone.

Columbia, which was scheduled to wind up 1956 with a year's total of 49 major releases, in recent weeks has started filming no less than 20 features due for early 1957 debut, including C. S. Forester's "The Good Shepherd," starring Humphrey Bogart, the Broadway Stage hit "Bell, Book and Candle," and Clark Gable in "Captain Calico."

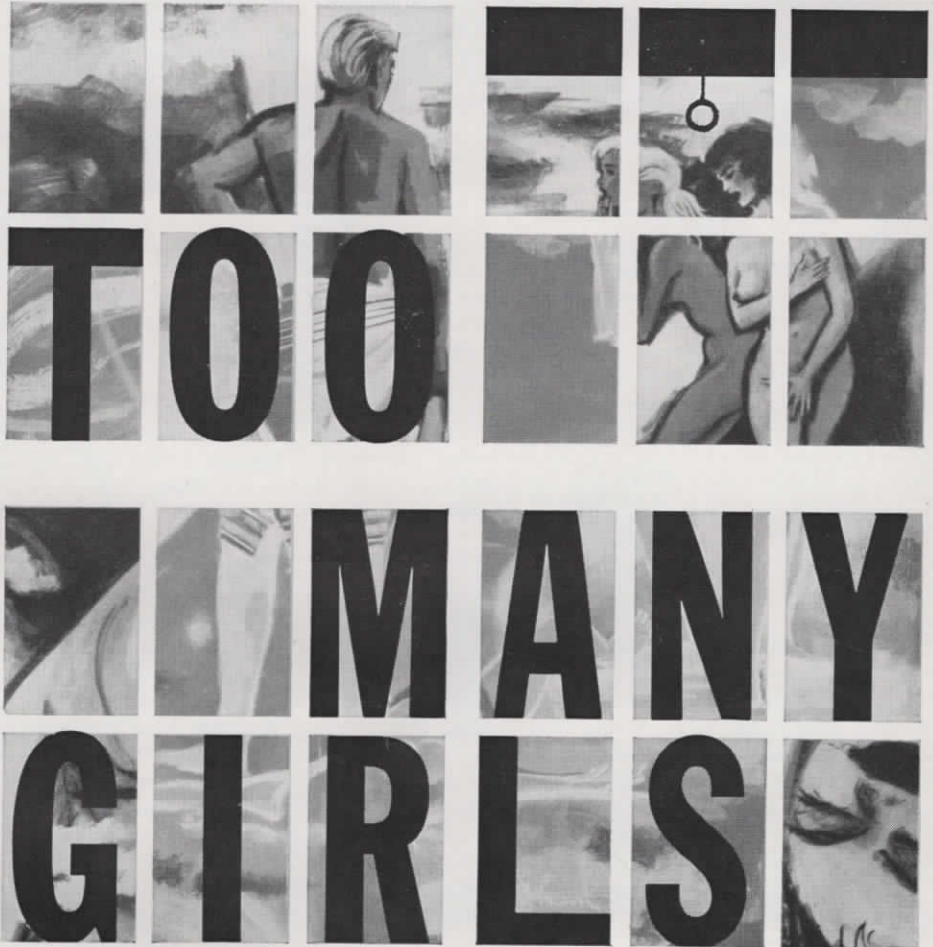
Buddy Adler put Hollywood's New Year philosophy succinctly when he said: "A second best motion picture is futile. The customer wants the best or he'll turn to some other form of entertainment."

-EDWARD S. SULLIVAN





*shell scott's most exciting case — and not a corpse in sight*



**by Richard S. Prather**

(FOREWORD: *Dick Prather, by virtue of his creation of Shell Scott, the roughest, toughest Private Eye in the business, has become America's top-selling author. Both in hard-back and pocketbook editions, his reports on the activities of Scott have sold in the millions and Shell Scott fans can't wait for new novels about their favorite hero. This hard-hitting Shell Scott story was written especially for this issue of Escapade.*)

I HAD LEFT *Sheldon Scott, Investigations*—my downtown L. A. office—about three p.m., so I reached my Hollywood apartment much earlier than usual. I went in, closed the door and stared at the beautiful naked blonde sprawled on my divan.

I blinked and shook my head like a maracca. There are good days and dandy days, but this was too good to be true.

"Woops," I said, "pardon me, ma'am," and went out again and looked carefully at the number on the door. It was my apartment, all right. I went back in.

She was still there, still spread out on the chocolate-brown divan as if she lived on it—and I wished she did live on it, since she was a busty beauty with the longest white-blonde hair and most golden sun-bronzed skin since Lilly Christine—but I'd never met this one before.

There was something familiar about her, and I was so delightfully dazed that for a moment I thought maybe it was that her hair was the same color as mine, and her skin was about the same tanned shade as mine—but there I stopped. Hell, she didn't look *anything* like me.

Right then there was a big flash. I thought: My brain has burned out! But then there was another flash, so I knew it wasn't my brain. Not even my brain could do that twice—and besides, the pulse of light had come from the bedroom. The blonde hadn't moved, except that her mouth had dropped open. I jumped past her and into the bedroom. There was another naked blonde on my bed.

*(continued on next page)*

But she wasn't alone. Close on her left was a short, husky guy with a camera looped around his neck, and on my right was a big ugly ape named Agony, swinging a sap down at my skull. I didn't even think about what I was doing. I just did it.

I bent my knees and threw my left arm up at the same time, and my left forearm caught Agony's descending wrist, then I was straightening up with my right fist slamming toward his stomach. The blow landed and bored in, and then I led with my right three or four more times. But the last couple, Agony knew nothing about. Before he hit the floor I spun around toward the other man.

The guy hanging onto the camera with its strobe-light flash attachment was a local photographer named Lomey Fain. He jumped backwards away from me, letting out a surprised yell.

Ordinarily, I don't slap medium-sized guys like Lomey around, since I am six-two and 205 pounds, but Lomey was a slimy punk who did work for the syndicate and the private eyes that peer through keyholes, and he peddled home-made pornographic pix on the side, and also he was in my bedroom and I'd about figured out why, and who was behind this circus. So I hit him on the mouth and it suddenly looked the way a mouth must look to teeth, all red and ugly, and Lomey sailed back through the air either dead and already gone to hell, or out cold for quite a while.

The pale white gal on the bed let out a little scream and jumped off it, and the sun-bronzed blonde from the front room came racing into the bedroom. Why? How would I know? Maybe to talk with the other blonde. Maybe anything. Why do gals run to bedrooms?

Both of them were running about stark staring naked—they were stark, and I was staring—and they looked at the two unconscious men and sort of jumped up and down making wailing sounds, and I stood pretty still making a sort of low wailing sound myself, and then I heard the shower running.

I groaned, then ran to the bathroom, threw open the door, stepped in and pulled the shower curtain away from my combination tub and shower. Sure enough, there was the third gal. A real dish, this one. A redhead with saucy white breasts and flaring hips, water streaming over her in glistening rivulets, and a wide-eyed startled expression on her striking face.

She squealed, "Who are you?"

"I'm Shell Scott, and—"

"Oh, you're Shell Scott!" She beamed at me, happily.

"Arrgh," I growled in frustration and wheeled around and ran out. Be calm, I told myself. Think. *Think!* That was the hell of it. I was thinking, and about all the wrong things.

One thing was sure: I had to get rid of these women fast. I groaned again. Here I was in my own apartment with three beautiful naked women and all I could think of was getting rid of them. Life can really be cruel sometimes. From where I was standing I could see out the living room window down to North Rossmore. A flash of white caught my eye.

A Los Angeles police car had just pulled up to the curb below. Another car was behind it. Across the street was the rest of that flash of white I'd seen—an all-white Lincoln Continental that belonged to one Victor Grieg. It was twelve-thousand dollars worth of car driven by a two-bit punk. Maybe four-bit, since Grieg was one of the top racket boys in L.A., but still punk.

There wasn't going to be time for me to get rid of these gals. I was *trapped* here with them. I thought: I'm dead. This

may be living, but I'm dead. If I knew Grieg, in addition to the policemen he'd have some reporters along and maybe even a judge and jury, and when they all swarmed in here it would be the end of Happy-Go-Looky Shell Scott. In my mushy mind my license took wings, my mind took wings, everything got dizzy. I jumped to the door and locked it, then turned around with my back against the door, feeling breathless. And at the sight which met my eyes I got even more breathless.

All three babes were greatly excited, and running about every which way. It seemed for several dazed moments that there were guided breasts and thighs and fannies and all sorts of things flying about helter skelter, through the air, up, down, even sideways. Man, it was wonderful. But then they seemed to become aware of me standing with my back to the door, and I guess they decided to get out.

They all turned, as if with one mind, and ran at me.

Well, you know how it is with just *one* nude woman running at you. My brain sort of wobbled momentarily, and I thought: How'd this happen?

It had started happening with a phone call from the wife of the late Judge Phineas Latham. The judge had died recently in an apparently accidentally-started fire, but Mrs. Latham thought he'd been murdered. She'd hired me to check it. Nearly a month of investigation had convinced me she was right. And every lead I followed up pointed to a shadowy racket boy named Victor Grieg.

Grieg's motto must have been, "To Victor belongs the spoils," because he was so rich he had TV in the john, and it seemed he was involved in practically every crime except suicide. But I couldn't yet prove it. I was getting close to him, though, and he knew it. The fact that many of my friends on the L.A. police force knew I was trying to get Grieg made it almost impossible for him to have me shot in the head without virtually naming himself as responsible. So one day Grieg phoned and asked me, politely, to call at his office. I went.

I got there earlier than I'd estimated and glimpsed a long-limbed bleached blonde leaving Grieg's office. She walked with a loose-limbed sway that, combined with yellowish hair and a kind of meat-hungry look on her face, made me think of a tired tiger.

Victor Grieg himself was about forty or forty-five, with black hair and heavy brows, and he looked for sure like a tough customer. His words slid down icicles at me. It was a fairly long session, but what it boiled down to was that Grieg couldn't buy me off, or scare me off, and at the present time it would be inconvenient for him to have me killed.

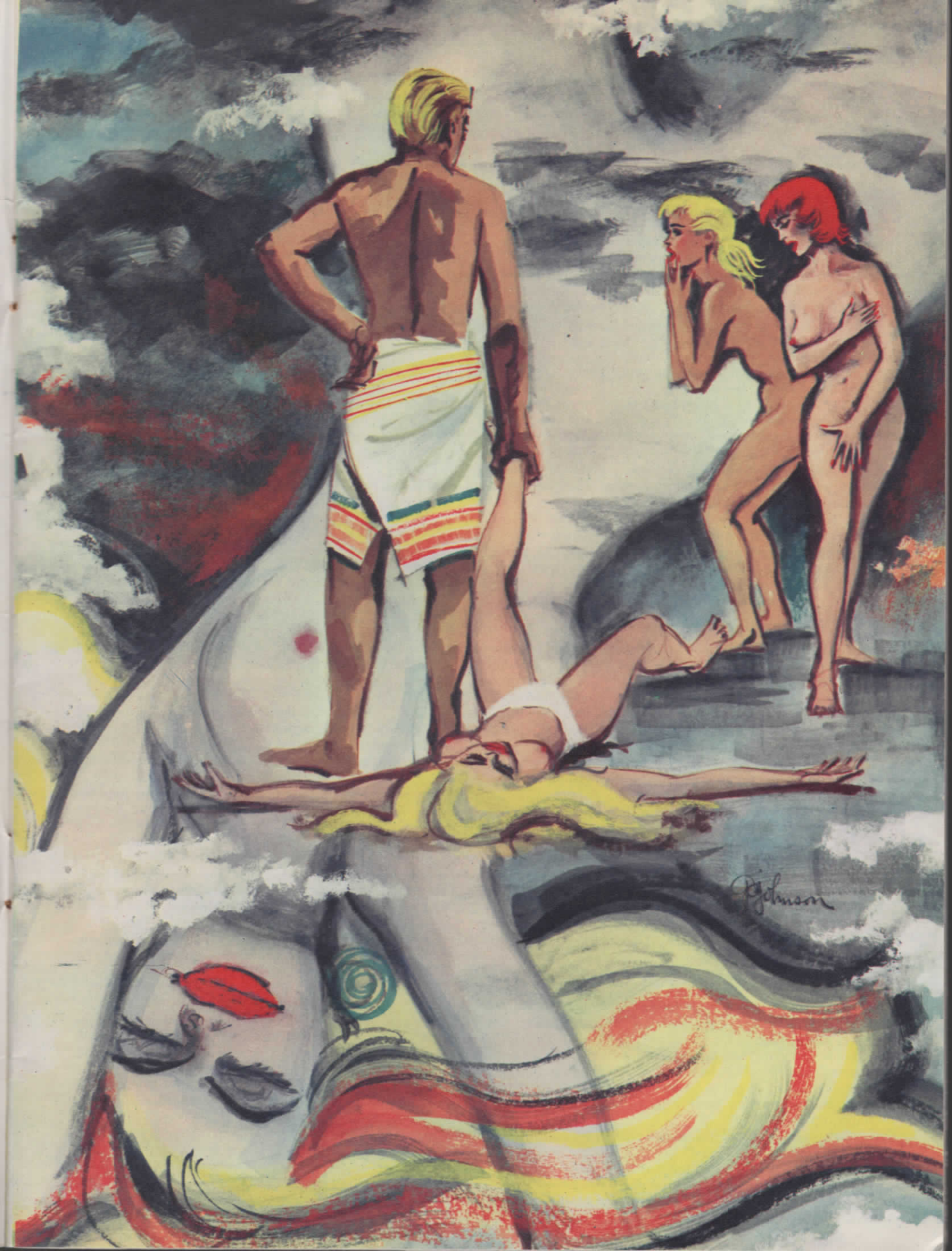
He made several offers to get me to drop the case, all of which I refused, while becoming more sure that Grieg was responsible for the judge's death. His last remark was, "If you don't lay off, I'll squash you like a bug. I'll get you one way or another, and even if I got to do it legal, I'll do it legal."

I grinned at him and left. Two days later a friend called from Sacramento and told me there'd been pressure brought unsuccessfully, to have my State investigator's license revoked. That told me the direction in which Grieg was heading. If he could get my license jerked, it would be like pulling my fangs, and that should have warned me. . . .

(continued on page 14)

"... there were a couple of live ones..."







## TOO MANY GIRLS (Continued from Page 12)

My brain continued to wobble, but gently now. The three nude babes were all over me, screeching and pawing at me, and trying to get through the door. As I broke out in a cold sweat, I realized what Grieg's next move had been.

I couldn't be sure of the details, but there is a section of the California Penal Code, referring to private investigators, which states that the applicant for or possessor of a license must be "of good moral character and temperate habits."

Well, it is widely known that I have an eye for the women. As a matter of fact, it is pretty well known that if I had eight eyes, I would have eight eyes for the women. But my morals aren't any more questionable than anybody else's. Than any red-blooded man's, anyway. Well, any *lusty* red-blooded man's. At least, nobody could *prove* anything. Not until now, I thought gloomily.

Finally, the gals calmed down. Apparently a couple of them had got the impression that I was a strange man who'd wandered in here and started knocking people unconscious. Once I made it clear that I lived here, sanity returned. All three of them were familiar in appearance, and now I recognized two of them—the white-blond with the bronze tan and abundant breasts, and the saucy redhead from the shower—as lovelies who had often posed for pictures in the slick men's magazines. The kind of pix best framed and hung on the ceiling. But the third one, the pale white blonde, had me puzzled for some seconds longer. Then I recognized her. She was the tired tiger.

This was the long-limbed gal I'd seen so briefly outside Grieg's office. A few fast questions of the other two verified my suspicions. The two models had thought they were merely modeling for *Untamed Magazine's* monthly feature, "Apartment of the Month," and they'd been told the owner—Shell Scott—knew all about it. They had been getting ready to leave when I'd arrived. It looked very much as if, with them gone, I was to have reached home, here to be sapped neatly by Agony. Next Grieg's bleached blonde was to have taken over, thus, like a dragon with halitosis, adding insult to injury. Lomey was handy to record all these reasons for revoking my license. Arrival of the law and reporters would have smeared the three of Grieg's playmates along with me, I thought—but Grieg undoubtedly had convinced them that their sacrifice would be worth while. Probably he had agreed to let them stay alive. But my coming home early had fouled up the plot.

I explained my suspicions to the redhead and tanned blonde, and the blonde lovely exploded with anger, picked up an end table and swatted the tired tiger

over the head. She went out cold. It happened so fast I couldn't have stopped it, but it did fit in with my plans.

I said, "We've got maybe two minutes, girls. Here's what we do..."

I guess they had to break the lock to get in. Anyway, they made plenty of racket. I was in the shower singing at the top of my lungs, which is pretty loud, when they came in. In front were two plainclothes detectives from downtown, Flannery and Wilkins. I knew very well that they were here only because they had to be, and that they'd be on my side if given half a chance.

Behind them, in the next room, were a man and a woman, reporters from L. A. newspapers. Grieg had stayed below. Apologetically, Flannery showed me a search warrant.

"Where are they, Shell?" he asked me. "They?" I peered around the shower curtain.

"Well, we heard there was... an orgy going on up here."

I laughed. "You did, huh? Heard from who?"

"Grieg. Victor Grieg."

"That slob."

Flannery shrugged. "Grieg said he got word all hell was coming off. Somebody's supposed to've phoned him from here—rape, murder, sex, I dunno. Everything. We got to look around, anyway."

"Go ahead."

As the two officers went out, both reporters came into the john. You know how it is with some reporters, nobody has any privacy any place. The gal had a thin body, thin lips, thin brain, a face like those pictures on poison packages, and straggly hair done in a bun. It looked like a bun with a couple hot dogs in it.

I said, "Ma'am, was there something you wanted to use in here?"

She frowned and said slowly, "There were supposed to be some naked women..." She sounded disappointed.

I reached for a towel and wrapped it around me then pulled the shower curtain about halfway back and stepped out onto the floor. Right toward the female reporter. Keep them off balance, I say. Don't retreat, attack! She retreated.

Flannery and Wilkins came out of the bedroom wearing frowns. They hadn't found anybody. I'd known they wouldn't. I dripped into the front room and looked out the window. I could see Grieg sitting in his Continental. And then came my best break of the day. Around the side of the building staggered the tired tiger, with one hand pressed against the side of her undoubtedly aching skull, and not a stitch on. She saw the white Continental, shook her head, and then loped toward it. She had regained consciousness at precisely the right time.

"Well, look at that, would you?" I said to Flannery.

He stepped alongside me and looked and his mouth dropped open and his eyes got wide and then glazed over as if somebody had spilled milk in them. He let out a sort of tooting sound. Wilkins took a look and his eyes got about the same as Flannery's.

The nude gal was trying to get into Grieg's car. He was probably trying to push her away, in horror, but it appeared that he might instead have lost control of himself. I said to the officers, "Surely that sort of thing is against the law. Do your duty, men."

Maybe there were supposed to be two or three other nude babes around here somewhere, but that wasn't important to Flannery and Wilkins. A bird in the hand is worth two or three in the bush, and they took off like hungry eagles.

The male reporter was quick to follow them. Only Skull-and-Crossbones remained. I smiled at her and said, "Make yourself at home, dear. I'm going to finish my shower—love to feel clean—clean." I went back to the john. In a moment I peeked out, but she had given up and was gone. A quick look toward the street showed me the whole gang of them waving arms. Grieg was red in the face. The blonde was in the Continental looking out and yapping.

So that took care of that. Grieg and I weren't through with each other—*but* started, in fact—but I figured the interruptions were finished for a while. I knew Wilkins and Flannery well, and that gang wouldn't be back—at least not today. I took a look out my bedroom window. One floor below, Agony and Lomey sprawled on the lawn where I'd dropped them, still unconscious. That made a relatively soft spot upon which to drop Blondy.

I went back to the bathroom. I opened the shower curtain all the way. My nude lovelies were still there, quiet as can be, big-eyed and pressed back against the wall. Like the Purloined Letter.

"They gone?" the blonde asked softly.

"Yeah, All's clear. Well, you can get dressed now—I stuffed your clothes in the laundry bag, along with the camera."

The redhead grinned. "Keep your shirt off. What's the rush? You said they were gone."

I heard a siren. "There they go now." I said, "I, uh, do you mean —"

The blonde spoke, smiling an innocent smile, "Torchy and I were talking... just a second ago... and she said well..."

Torchy, huh? It was high time I learned their names. The blonde—*Brandy*—told me what they'd been saying.

I had to chuckle. Me, Shell Scott, the guy who is usually examining the *other* ones. This time I'd wound up with a couple of *live* ones.





*"Stop following me!"*



*the ivory keys met the challenge of her ivory body*

## **Rhapsody In Fleshtones**

By DAVID BERGER





It was Wednesday night and "Fat City," perched on Second Avenue in the Village, was pretty empty. Wednesdays were "Jam Nights," with local talent and visitors dropping in to blow up a storm. Cat Geller's quartet was wailing blues with Geller propped against the piano, blowing in a modern idiom that wrapped around your guts and pulled, hard like.

That was when the kid, Asa Robbins, walked up to the stand. Tall and real lean, he'd been sitting near the back nursing a beer, pokerfaced, but listening.

"Mind if I take a chorus?" he asked Flaxen Hare, the short, bulky pianoman. Flaxen looked at him for a minute then shrugged, got up and walked over to the hatcheck girl. Asa sat down and tossed Geller some chords for a while,

then picked one out of nowhere and Cat nearly dropped his horn. Then Asa took a solo and suddenly the City got real quiet; nobody touched their glasses or even breathed. Geller and Ming O'Brien, the alto man, leaned on the piano and watched the long tapered fingers spreading over the keys, caressing them as though they were a woman's body, knowing just how hard to stroke them, how long to hold them down, and it was a holy ritual, almost embarrassing, like walking into a bedroom where a man was making love to his woman. Asa and the piano became fused, a single entity, activating and responding and pouring out sounds that were incredible.

Flaxen was standing beside the hatcheck girl but he wasn't seeing her. His wide mouth hung open and sweat was breaking through his skin. Asa was staring up at nothing, dreamily, vacantly gazing at transient smoke while his fingers kept caressing the keys. When he finished the solo he got up and started to leave, but Geller grabbed his arm.

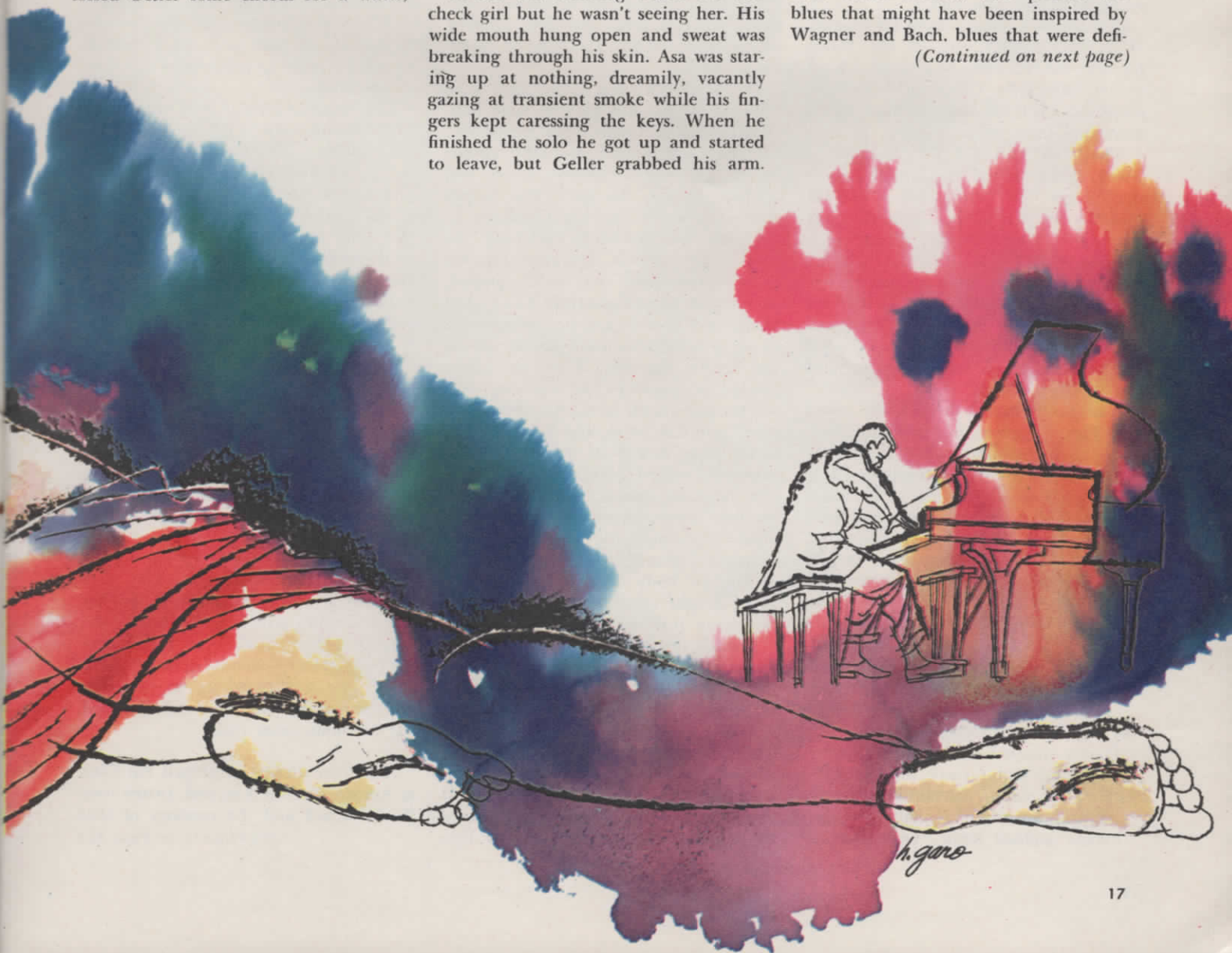
"Hey man, where you going?"

Asa shrugged. "Back and listen."

"Sit down, man," Cat said, "and play some more."

So Asa, his long black hair flopping wetly over his forehead and his lean face with high cheekbones impassive, sat down and began to make love to the piano again. His lips, which looked as soft as a girl's, were pressed together, and his ebony eyes blazed with a curious melange of love and hatred, and he played. He played right on through, even after closing time Thursday morning, when the management woke up to the fact that it was after closing and had to empty the customers, almost with a crowbar. Asa stayed on the stool and blew chord bubbles and poured out blues that might have been inspired by Wagner and Bach. blues that were defi-

*(Continued on next page)*





## RHAPSODY IN FLESH TONES

(Continued from Page 17)

nately modern yet seemed to flow from a primeval cavern.

Finally Asa got up again. His tall, gaunt figure was soaked with sweat and his ebony eyes were bloodshot and only the embers of that curious fire remained.

Cat snapped out of the spell and buttonholed him.

"Man, you want a job playing piano, you got one. Right here."

Asa just nodded. "See you tonight."

Flaxen stood there, watching him. When the kid left, Flaxen turned to Cat.

"Man, who is that guy?"

"Dunno, Flaxen. But he plays a couple handfuls of piano like I never heard before. An' I've heard a lot of men on the ivories."

San and Ming agreed emphatically. San rubbed his balding head then shook it. "I played a while with Bud and he was fabulous. But this cat—damn, man, I never heard a human being get sounds like that from a piano. It was—well, almost uncanny, like something was taking him over and his fingers were just doing what they were told."

O'Brien spat tobacco from his tongue. "I dunno, I don't care. If Mr. Satan himself was blowing like that, I'd go to hell cheerfully. Come on, better get some sack. It'll be time to blow again before you know it."

They left and Fat City became a weird caricature of itself with chairs stacked on the tables and a shroud placed over the piano, but by eight that night it had completed its metamorphosis and was alive again. This time it was packed but a strange restiveness filled it as all eyes were focused on the piano bench. Flaxen sat down and started to play and the others joined in, but the music was dispirited and Cat botched a solo.

A murmur rippled through the crowd and Flaxen looked up from the keyboard to see a tall, slender, stunningly dressed girl standing by the piano. Her black hair spilled gracefully to her bare, ivory shoulders and her green eyes were fixed on him. She leaned forward so that when he became aware of her, he could see the rich cream crescents flaring against the deep red of the dress. His eyes finally moved to her face and were arrested by a sultry beauty, full lips slightly parted, high cheekbones covered by peach-textured skin. She said:

"I understand Asa Robbins was here last night. Is he coming back?"

Flaxen stopped staring and spoke.

"Robbins? Don't know him, miss."

"He plays piano," she said impatiently.

"Tall, thin, unruly black hair."

Flaxen nodded then. "Yeah, lady, if

that's Robbins, he was here all right. Supposed to be here tonight, too. Why?"

Eve Mallory ignored his question.

"Thank you," she said and went over to a corner table, either unaware or not caring that Flaxen's eyes were riveted on her mobile hips.

Then a tall, gaunt figure, enveloped in a patched corduroy jacket, tan-colored, and unpressed gray flannels, moved through the crowd and whispers moved with him.

Asa didn't nod or smile to anyone. When Flaxen saw him, he got up and sat at a corner table, next to Eve. Asa slid onto the stool and hit a chord. Geller, O'Brien and San took choruses, weaving their own souls into the sound mosaic, and at one of the tables, a woman moaned softly.

Flaxen watched Asa, letting the music swell within him, and tears seeped down his ruddy cheeks and he poured a stiff shot of bourbon and quickly downed it. He looked at his fingers and cracked them viciously then looked at them again, sadly, almost compassionately, and closed his eyes, with the tears pressing out between the lids, and kept on listening to the kid.

Eve Mallory's deep green eyes were fastened on Asa but his eyes were half-closed with that bright flame hardly visible. His lips parted and the chords soared like storm-whipped waves and crashed against the ears. His fingers grasped a chord and tightened on it.

Flaxen was writhing, clutching the glass tightly, almost screaming for Asa to stop, yet afraid that if he stopped, something would shatter. Eve's slim hands were knotted and her breasts were rising as though the music was the moon, her breasts the tide. Time and space seemed to vanish, to lose meaning, people became blank faces. Asa seemed to reach into Cat, Ming and San, and pull forth music locked in their nether regions. Cat soloed, building on the structure of Asa's chords, blowing his soul through the trumpet, shaping it into notes. No longer did he lean casually against the piano. He seemed suspended in air, his body electric and writhing as he sought more, deeper, feelings to transmute into sound.

Eve felt the notes slice into her mind, carving out space and time, and she remembered that night at Vassar, two years ago—the senior prom. She and Arthur Ballingford, up from Harvard, had come to the prom late. She had ignored the little combo until a tall, lean kid, with wild black hair, sat in on piano. He had been leaning against the stand, nervously wetting his lips,

and had not taken his eyes from her since she came in. His serious ebony eyes, she had thought, looking at me as though he had never seen a woman before, full of wonder and longing.

She and Arthur had danced past him several times and once she glanced at him more closely. He reddened but did not drop his gaze. Then he was sitting on the stool, flexing his fingers, and began to play. The notes had merged into chords and pierced her, and she felt something stirring within her body and moved closer to Arthur.

Asa had played and played, and finally Eve could stand it no longer. She had broken away from Arthur and hurried to the stand and looked up at Asa.

"Stop that! Come, dance with me." Her voice was husky and sultry and Asa's fingers seemed to freeze as he met her gaze. She felt his heart, like waves against the shore, as she moved into his arms, and neither of them had known anyone else was in the auditorium. His eyes glowed with a complete joy and Eve let him hold her tightly. They danced toward an exit then went outside and stood in the May moonlight.

"What's your name?" she asked, looking directly at him, and for a second her voice seemed to paralyze him. Then he answered.

"I'm Asa Robbins. I live outside of Poughkeepsie, work on my father's farm."

She smiled. "The Poughkeepsie Plowboy, eh? A musical genius trapped behind a horse. Or do you have a tractor?"

"No, ma'am," he answered solemnly. "We can't afford tractors."

"My name's Eve Mallory. I don't suppose you've heard of my father, Thomas Mallory? He's a rather famous lawyer in New York."

"No, m'am. Can't say as I have."

"Don't call me 'm'am'." Her eyes flashed. "I just told you my name."

"I'm sorry, m'am. I mean Miss Mallory."

Eve stepped back and measured him. Then she smiled and touched his cheek, which was hot and moist.

"Asa, call me Eve. Don't be so—so polite."

She had seen naked longing in his eyes and she moved against him, slipping her arms around his neck. In her ears she could still hear his music, she visualized him bent over the piano, reaching into its womb, drawing forth music. She had gazed up at him, her eyes narrowing slightly, and she had felt his body grow rigid.

A sudden silence enveloped Fat City, as Asa stopped for a second, frozen over the keyboard and the memory of that

(Continued on Page 62)





*"I couldn't stand his 'sexier-than-thou' attitude!"*



*the recipe is a century old—but the taste is as new as tomorrow*

# Canard à

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Forest G. Smith, Jr., is the personable owner of the famed Duck Press Restaurant in Los Angeles, where gourmets both male and female from the worlds of the cinema, sports, business and politics gather for gustatory enjoyment. He also owns another gourmet mecca, the Pescadore at Costa Mesa, where seafoods are the specialty, as well as a chain of restaurants and country clubs.)

When Phil Harris and Alice Faye, or Susan Hayward or Jack Dempsey or Aldo Ray, come into the Duck Press Restaurant, the gentlemen are less concerned with the press of their trousers than they are with the press of the duck. For *Canard à la Presse* is the specialty of our house. Here, lovers of good food have, we trust, found a home in the arid waste (gourmetically speaking) of Los Angeles, where everyone is familiar with  
(Continued on Page 53)



Steps in the preparation of *Canard à la Presse*: A. Stuffed with celery, annointed with oils, spices and condiments, the duck goes into the pre-heated oven for preliminary "warming." B. At the table, the pre-warmed fowl is skinned and trimmed of its edible portions. C. The carcass, along with flavored juices, is run through the press. D. From the press, the juices are added to the chafing dish sauce. E. The *canardier* approves the sauce. F. From the chafing dish, the finished duck, in the delicate sauce, is served in a "nest" of wild rice. To the gourmet, there is no finer fare. And even the unsophisticated palate is capable of "receiving the message" of this superb culinary triumph.



# la Presse

By FOREST G. SMITH, JR.





*En-Thyssen*







*the former miss denmark keeps  
a happy rendezvous with  
photographer russ meyer and escapade*

**R**ARELY, almost never, does a girl come along like this one and already a lot of people, including some important figures in the entertainment world, are aware of her unique charms.

Her name is Greta Thyssen, *nee* Miss Denmark, and for *Escapade* she kept a rendezvous one recent day with Russ Meyer, a photographic artist of considerable renown. Combining their formidable talents, Miss Thyssen (pronounced Ty-sen) and Mister Meyer (the "Mister" will serve to distinguish him from his glamorous wife, Eve, who possesses a degree of fame as a model) came up with the pictures on these and the following pages.

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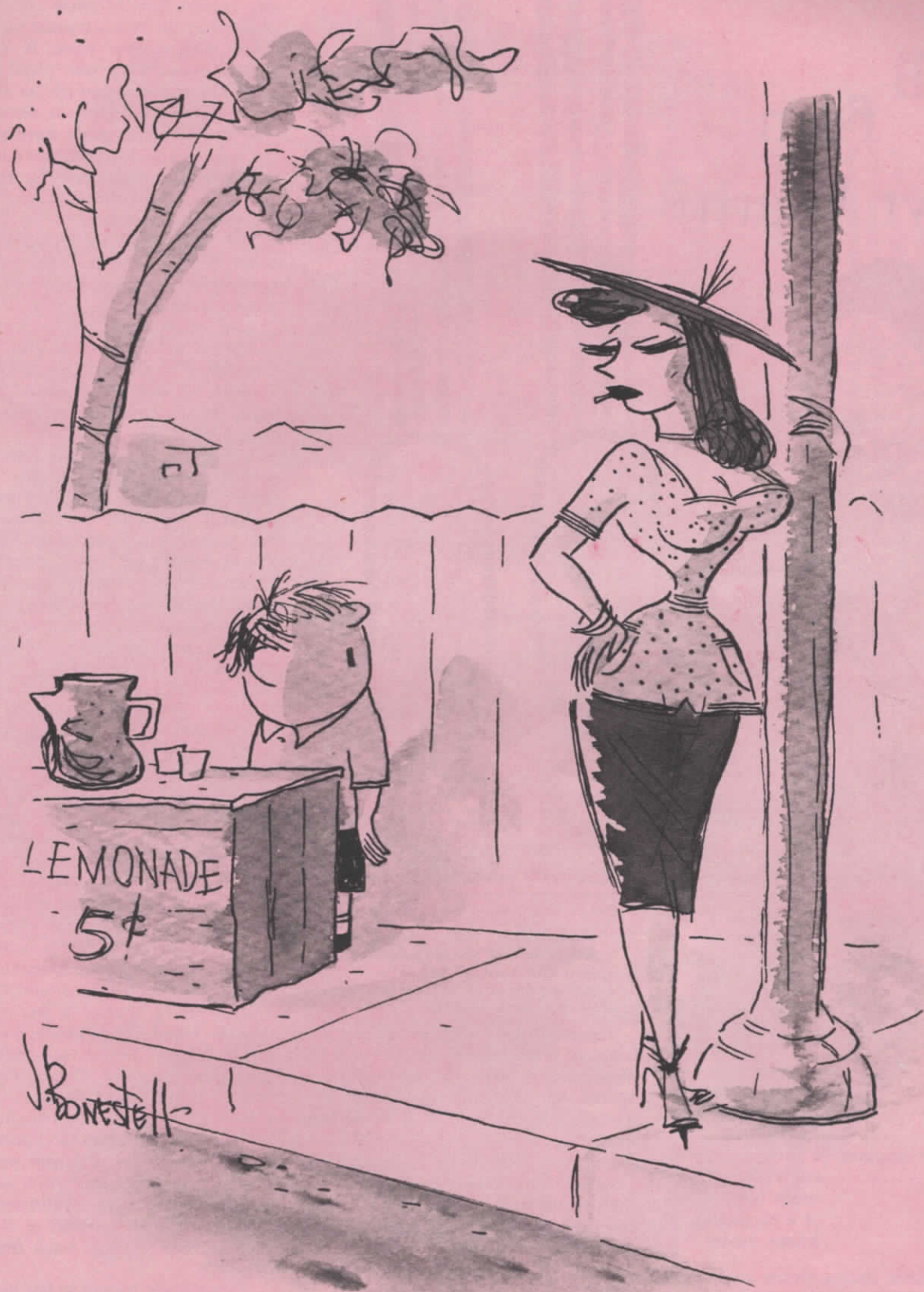
(Continued from Page 23)

Meyer was abetted on this assignment by another well known lensman, Ken Parker, who made the most of *his* opportunity by taking a number of candid shots of Russ and Greta at work. Parker's pictures, together with those of Meyer, provided outstanding material for another of *Escape's* Photographer's Private Files, this one instructive as well as entertaining, giving, as it does, the viewer an opportunity to observe a master craftsman creatively occupied.

But getting back to Miss Thyssen: it is apparent that all of the tired old adjectives—"beautiful," "glamorous," "exciting"—apply in her case with the fresh stimulation of a dexamil pill. This superb child, delivered with what auto dealers describe as "full power," is well on her way. Already, producers have found gainful employment for her on stage, screen and television, and there are those in Hollywood who, without any apparent reluctance whatever, hail her as the most promising nova in the Southern California skies.



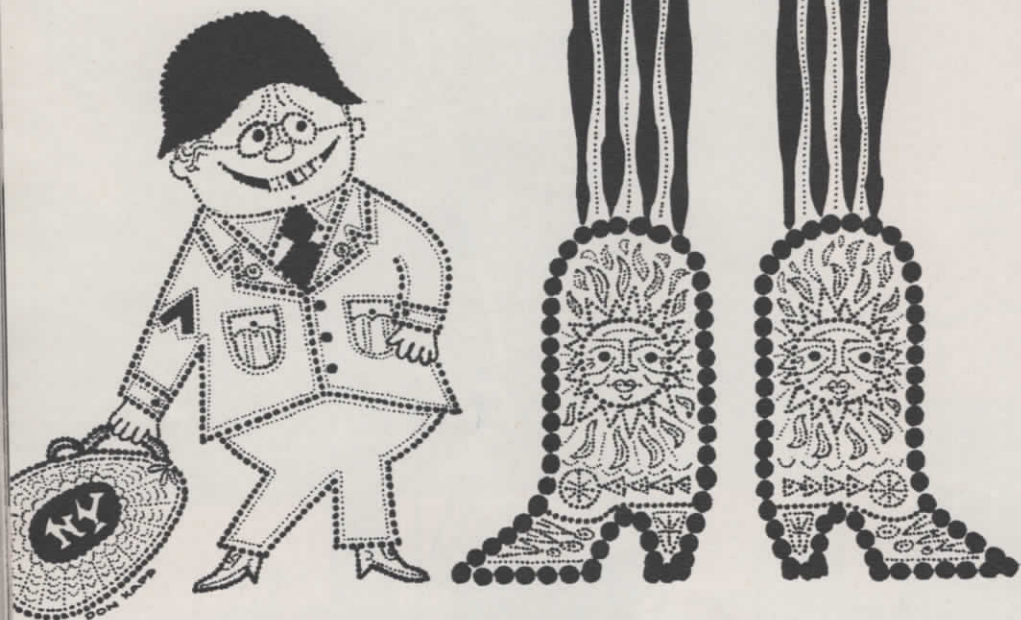




"What are you sellin'?"



# y'all f'um Fawt Wuth?



*on'y a joik'd be*

*bern in Joisey*

**BY BOB DYKEMAN**

- FIRST OKLAHOMAN: Micky Mantle was born in Oklahoma.
- SECOND OKLAHOMAN: Yeah, and so was Carl Hubbell.
- VERMONT: Where's Oklahoma?
- FIRST OKLAHOMAN: (*Drawing a .45*). Oklahoma's where Vermonters go when they die. (*He fires at the Vermonter and misses*).
- RHODE ISLANDER: I never did see an Oklahoman who could hit the side of a barn. Now in Rhode Island . . .

This little drama which took place in a tavern operated by a Floridian who maintained that Florida oranges were juicier than California oranges, best illustrates the fact that:

All over America the bassinets and oxygen tents are filled with little male Americans who will be taught that the greatest honor to

which they can attain is to press a handkerchief against a nose bashed flat in defense of their home state.

And that:

Every one of them is destined to spend the rest of his life in unswerving devotion to the attractions of, say, South Dakota.

The enthusiasm with which this doctrine is accepted was nowhere better demonstrated than in Europe during World War II. France was full of New Yorkers, every last one of them too busy defending New York to ask, "Where's the nearest bar?" It never entered the head of a New Yorker in France to ask, "Where the hell is the German Army?" He was having too much fun defending New York. And, similarly, Korea in 1951 was full of Texans defending Texas.

But I have no antipathy toward my fellow Oklahomans or Vermonters. Or even Rhode Islanders. Only last week, in Ohio, I saw a District of Columbian defending the District of Columbia, and a very nice job he was doing of it, too. Once I heard a West Virginian defending western West Virginia against

another West Virginian who was defending eastern West Virginia.

But let's go back a minute to the bassinets and oxygen tents. If all male Americans grew up with physiques like Rocky Marciano's, then life for all would be one grand and glorious donnybrook, and the hospitals would have to shunt the bassinets and oxygen tents into the sun parlors to make room for the dead and dying, all of them, of course, with big grins on their faces.

But Mother Nature has seen fit to suffer some of us to attain manhood looking like a bunch of scarecrows without a cornfield.

Such a man am I.

I found it impossible to whip up any enthusiasm over the prospect of going through life with a permanently swollen nose. But parental training being what it is, I tried.

At the age of seventeen I was a seasoned but battered campaigner. A New Yorker, the battles in which I took part included the Statue of Liberty versus the Mount Rushmore Memorial, Lake Placid versus Sun Valley, the Palisades versus the Grand Canyon, and the New York Yankees versus a bunch of bushwhackers known as the St. Louis Browns.

But I got sick and tired of being clouted just because, when somebody shouted, "Carlsbad Caverns are the longest, blackest, deepest holes in the world," I had to holler, "You ever been in a subway?"

I began to see the light. I retired, under the guise of tolerance and understanding. I agreed with everybody. In no time at all the swelling went out of my nose, my bruises healed and the skin over my knuckles regenerated nicely.

A simple example will illustrate my method:

When I arrived in Korea in 1951, the first thing I saw was a second-hand Ringling Brothers Circus tent. Over the tent, snapping smartly in an icy breeze, flew the flag of Texas. Inside, a regiment of mean-faced Texans was waiting for somebody to attack Texas. The thing was a regular canvas Alamo.

Now a typical New Yorker would have approached the tent and screamed, "Hey, you cotton pickers, I'll fight you all at once, or one at a time." And, posthaste, he would have been annihilated.

But not me. I lifted a flap and shouted, "Anybody in heah from Fawt Wuth?"

I never made friends so fast in my life.

Think of it — Texans buddying up to a New Yorker!

And speaking of New York, when it comes to wealth, intellectualism, magnificent cities — well, New York . . . comes to wealth, intellectualism, magnificent cities — well, New York . . .





*"... so I don't know anything about stocks and bonds, but there is something I know something about ..."*



(EDITOR'S NOTE: The author is a noted pianist who teamed with Leonard Feather to record the successful "A Suite in Four Comfortable Quarters" on the Continental label. He is also a well-established jazz critic whose analyses have appeared in many leading music and general publications. A fluent defender of the traditional faith, Dan Burley writes with dedication and authority.)

THIS new and young cat, his goatee dripping the sweat of his determination as his fingers raced over the keyboard, made the piano throb with his attack on the tiny clusters of notes bunched on the arrangement.

## can jazz be progressive?

*it ain't real  
unless it's dirty,  
hungry and lowbrow,  
says this critic*

By DAN BURLEY

"What you playing, man?" I asked. "I'm playing these changes, man," the young cat, obviously of highbrow background, said over his shoulder. "Gotta play these changes *right* so I can make me some of that bread."

Being lowbrow, I listened for a while in that key and was finally moved to ask: "When you gonna play the song?"

That in a nutshell just about wraps up what is going on in jazz today. In this billion dollar division of the entertainment industry, they're playing "the changes" instead of the song and hardly anybody knows — or cares — what he's hearing any more.

Depending upon how you listen and for what you listen, jazz has developed or deteriorated into a state where more time is being spent polishing up unusual noises than in playing the music. If it is supposed to be jazz, it must perform the function of reporting on a condition of life, always on a lower corridor of human existence which the player must have experienced or understands through the works of others who have lived it. This condition of living remains changeless so long as sociological, political, economic and moral forces keep it that way. The musical people bred in such circumstances and environs are the chosen ones to present it to the world. The music that tells their story ranges in form from the work chants of the fields through the spirituals and gospel hymns of the wayside churches; through the "messages" of the blues; through simple folk songs and sagas recited to music, to jazz — and jazz has always been its best reporter.

But this preoccupation of today's New School musicians (and to me it's an unhealthy one) with squeaks, groans, bleats, shrieks, whistles, spasmodic beating and banging accompanied by facial grimaces simulating anguish or rhapsody, the echo chambers and instruments wired for sound has just about driven real jazz further underground.

Whether you realize it or not, this is the Era of the Change in music. You'll find a huge multiplication of my goateed, highbrow young friend, slimmed, trimmed and dressed up by music conservatory diplomas at hundreds of rehearsals or in orchestral units across the country, busily engaged with his fellows in "playing them changes" instead of the song.

What you hear when they make recordings or play in person show, concert and session dates is so slicked up it just oozes about like a mess of gooey okra gumbo on a dry plate. You're completely lost trying to follow the melody through

a labyrinth of sounds, rhythmic jerks and piano exercises whose meaningless tinkling sounds like wine goblets being broken one by one on a concrete floor. As you listen to the noises squeezed out of the horns of the band, the orgiastic honking of saxophones, the rattling of sticks on the drums as though made by kids dragging pieces of shingle across a picket fence, you don't know where in the hell to pat your foot, let alone try to whistle or hum the tune. That was lost when the music started. Only thing impressive about it all is the marvelous fact that they *do* have endings and that they *do* get tired.

Simplicity seems to be a cussword





among these highbrow musicians manufacturing the increasing stockpile of complex changes. It must be kept in mind, of course, that changes have always been a solid basis of jazz, and even at the old New Orleans funerals where Buddy Bolden, Bunk Johnson, King Joe Oliver and Louis Armstrong, among others, were particularly adept at playing changes on the old standards, the technique was an indispensable part of the music.

Yet, and at the same time, these pioneer jazzmen seldom strayed too far from the melody line. With them it was an inviolable mandate to keep listeners always informed as to what was being

played. In today's monkeying around with sounds, you are likely to hear as many as ten different songs without hearing more than once the one the man said was being played. The more unintelligible to the ordinary listener they can make this fundamental function of jazz, the more diabolically intent the change practitioners seem to become in further confusing those who came only to listen. And these changes seem to be methodical, a rebellious effort to make jazz something it never has been — respectable — and a deliberate attempt to falsify a record of a way of life the New School wishes to reject.

The stuff you hear today seems reluc-

tant to be actually identified with the form of music whose name it has assumed and it has to be admitted that what they're cooking up is anything but jazz. It is denuded of the kick, the impact on the emotions that causes people to do various things. For a clue to the whole thing, watch an audience at a cool concert or session. Better yet, check the reactions of the 1930-40 generation of teenagers at a jazz or swing session against that of today's kids listening to the new "progressive" jazz.

But when you listen to *real* jazz, you get those dizzy moments of high exhilaration in which worries and other distractions slip from you like doffing your overcoat in a hot room. The steady rhythm of the beat of real jazz, sharp and pounding in restless surges upon the senses with the persistence of thousands of tiny triphammers, transforms you, perhaps, into your primitive self; transplants you momentarily to another category of life where you brush against foreign objects, come in contact with people you never knew about. This kind of jazz is non-decorative, it is sincere and lush with the primal excitement of living. It's bound to excite you. If it doesn't, it just *ain't* jazz, no matter what the label reads.

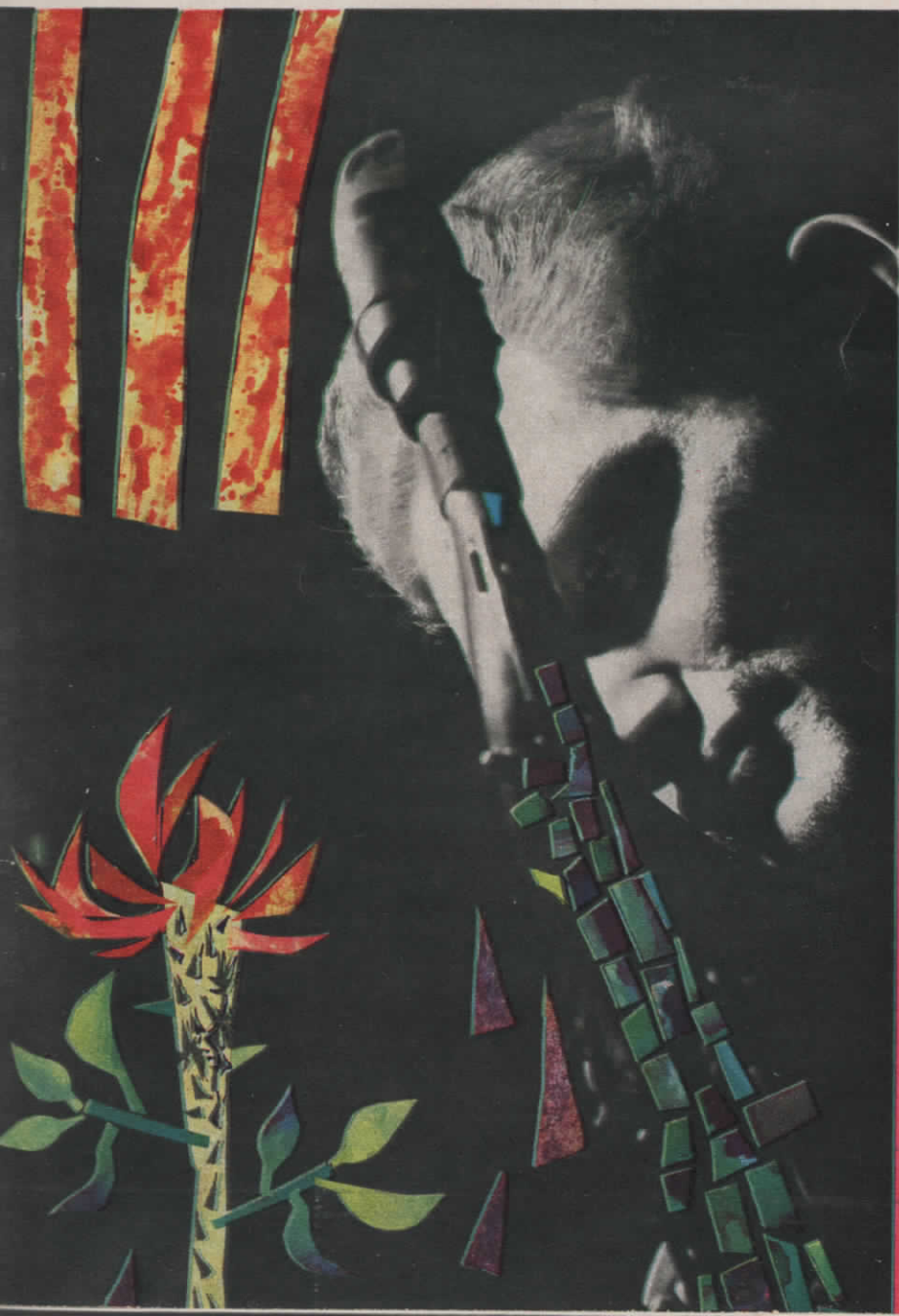
Make this simple experiment. Get out some of your Fats Waller, Benny Goodman Trio and Quartette, King Cole Trio, Lionel Hampton Sextet, Louis Armstrong Hot Five, Bob Crosby Bobcats, John Kirby, Erroll Garner and Mary Lou Williams combo platters. After listening carefully, compare what you hear when you stack on a set of "modern" jazz sides by Dave Brubeck, Don Shirley, Gerry Mulligan, Dick Katz, Billy Taylor, Lenny Tristano, Randy Weston and the Modern Jazz Quartette. The difference should fairly howl at you.

Waller & Co. play the real jazz and it reflects experience in living, either actual experiences on the seamy side of life or learned from those who have lived the Life. This is *authentic* jazz.

The difference is plain also among singers. "Pretty" voices just don't turn the trick. Even in "bad" voice, Billie Holiday can sing rings around most of today's "one record" stars. Mildred Bailey still lives despite her death several years ago, and so do Helen Morgan, Bessie Smith, Chippie Hill and Ivy Anderson, among others passed on; and they probably turn in their graves over what passes for jazz singing today, for they sang from life the way they lived it.

You detect this quality in the singing of Ella Fitzgerald, Kay Starr, Dinah Washington, Anita O'Day, Sarah

(Continued on Page 67)







*the girl was lovely and troubled*



# HOLLYWOOD HEEL

BY WARD BOWERS

THE phone had been ringing for some time before Lyman roused himself sufficiently to answer. It was the desk advising him that it was seven-thirty. He asked the girl to see if she couldn't arrange to have some coffee sent up and then hung up without waiting for her answer. He sat up in bed and gently massaged his temples but this only increased the sharpness of the pains. The night before was almost a total blank. He had a vague recollection of an argument with Jo but the details escaped him. It did not bother him that he could not remember. Jo had become expendable, anyway.

He extricated himself from the tangled blankets and stood for a moment at the window. It was snowing lightly, and Manhattan looked very sad and dirty in the early morning darkness. He never had enjoyed early rising... it was one of the things he hated most about Hollywood, rushing to a movie set at an hour when even the birds were still asleep.

He turned away from the window and made his way wearily into the other room, and found a cigarette on the small glass-top table in front of the sofa. He lit the cigarette, inhaled deeply, and then dropped the spent match on the rug. He flipped the drawstring of his pajama bottoms and let them fall to his ankles. He stepped out of them and balanced the cigarette on the edge of the table. He carefully removed his pajama top, endeavoring to keep the movement of his head to a minimum. He retrieved the cigarette and started back toward the bathroom. He had taken several steps when the door to the suite opened and a young woman entered. She was wearing a mink jacket, slacks and suede loafers. She couldn't have been much over twenty, if that, and her close-cropped hair was prematurely gray. The gray hair added an

intriguing touch of maturity and experience. She was certainly not beautiful in a conventional sense... her green eyes were a trifle too large, her mouth too generous and her nose tilted slightly... but there was a lean, chesty elegance about her that was memorable. Lyman caught himself wondering about the gray hair again. Had it anything to do with that lovely body of hers? It must have, he thought. Nobody, absolutely nobody, could be constructed like that and remain innocent past the age of fourteen or so. She had once told him that her hair had been gray at sixteen, but that's all she would tell. She answered all questions about her hair with a little shrug which allowed you to imagine the worst. It was one of her charms.

She stood with her back against the door and said, "Wouldn't young America love to see you like this."

Lyman, who had paused momentarily when Jo entered, now continued on toward the bathroom. "What the hell do you want this early?" he said over his shoulder, "I'm gonna start locking my door."

Jo followed him toward the bathroom. She watched him pluck a terry cloth robe off one of the chairs in the bedroom, and she smiled as he struggled to find the arm holes. "Oh, my God," he groaned. "I'd like to have the sonofabitch who started these early morning television shows. What kind of a creep would watch television at eight in the morning?"

Lyman stood in front of the bathroom mirror, fiddling with the belt of his robe and staring at his reflection. Jo sat down on the toilet seat. She leaned back and stretched her legs straight out so that the soles of her loafers were flat against the wall. She pulled her slacks up around her knees and stared at her legs. "I have wonderful legs, don't I, Ly," she said.

"Don't call me Ly, for Chrissake. Lyman is bad enough. How many times do I have to tell ya?" He opened the medicine cabinet and removed a bottle.

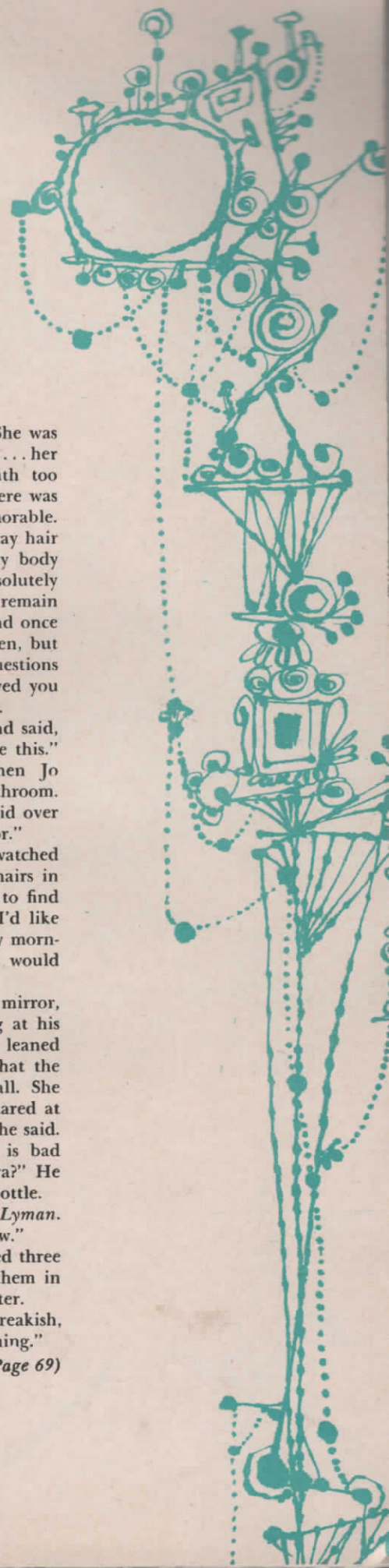
"They are wonderful, though, aren't they, Lyman. I mean I'm not conceited. It's just that I know."

"Your best feature," Lyman said. He knocked three aspirins onto the palm of his hand, popped them in his mouth and did not bother to take any water.

"God, how can you do that? It's positively freakish, like being able to wiggle your ears, or something."

(Continued on Page 69)

ed. but he was a family man







## THE LITTLE WOMAN CAN BE A BIG HELP

BY LOYD ROSENFELD

IN A RECENT magazine article, "Before I Hire Your Husband, I Want To Meet You," a large employer declares he won't promote a man to a key job until he meets and appraises the man's wife. He says, "... more and more these days the decision also hinges on what the boss-to-be thinks of you, the man's wife. We employers realize how often the wrong wife can break the right man." (I have the right wife and I'm broke.)

In our little playlet, John Trye, a rising young junior executive, assistant treasurer of Furst Products Corporation,



*a couple of martinis can lead to success*



rushes home to his modest flat, simply bursting with news for his wife, Edna.

(SCENE I. THE MODEST FLAT OF THE JOHN TRYVES. WEDNESDAY EVENING.)

JOHN: Darling, I'm home safely!

EDNA: Great. Chalk up another run for our side.

JOHN: Wonderful news, dear. I'm in line for a promotion.

EDNA: You have to queue up for everything nowadays.

JOHN: It all depends on you, love. Mr. Furst wants us for dinner next Tuesday so he can size up my wife.

EDNA: Tell him fourteen, but it will have to be let out a bit around the hips.

JOHN: I know he'll love your sense of humor. Now, get up off that couch, put down that cigarette holder and give me a kiss to celebrate!

EDNA: What's to celebrate about putting down a cigarette holder?

JOHN: Very well. Finish your smoke. What's for dinner tonight?

EDNA: I don't know. What's the Wednesday special at the drive-in?

JOHN: Ah! You're your old alert self again. You know it's Wednesday.



EDNA: Sure. That's the day the Gallup Poll man always comes around.

JOHN: Always?

EDNA: Yeah. Who's Dewey?

JOHN: Forget him. Just promise me you'll cooperate next Tuesday. You do want me to get ahead, don't you, precious?

EDNA: Why not? But it will never be as big as the one I had this morning.

(CURTAIN)

(SCENE II. THE STately MANSION OF THE JASPER FURSTS. THE FOLLOWING TUESDAY EVENING.)

FURST: Well! Come right in, John. So this is your wife!

EDNA: Gee, you're a regular specialist.

JOHN: Heh-heh. I might as well warn you, Mr. Furst. My wife is quite a kiddier.

FURST: Fine. I love a sense of humor. You're ravishing tonight, my dear.

EDNA: Anyone I know?

JOHN: And how is your wife, sir?

FURST: Fine, thank you. She's upstairs dressing. Be down shortly. You know how women love to primp.

EDNA: I resent that. The only ones I ever heard about were all men.

JOHN: Primp, dear.

EDNA: Oh. Well, what say we get this party rolling?

FURST: I'm forgetting my manners. Mrs. Tryve, can I offer you a nice, cold, dry martini?

EDNA: Now you're breathing with oxygen!



JOHN: What she means is, since this is a special occasion she might make an exception and take one.

EDNA: If I only take one it will be an exception all right.

FURST: Ah, you are a droll one. Now, Mrs. Tryve, I suppose you know why you are here—in addition to what I hope will be a pleasant evening.

EDNA: Sure. Because my husband made...

JOHN: I am sure my wife stands ready to answer any questions about our home life that you may wish to ask.

FURST: Excellent. First, Mrs. Tryve, in addition to being a good wife, are you a good citizen?

EDNA: You know, this martini has the largest damned olive I ever saw. Must be a quintuple-colossal.

JOHN: Dear. Mr. Furst asked you a question.

EDNA: I know. Furst things last, though. Ha! That's a good one! What was the question?

JOHN: Are you a good citizen?

EDNA: Good at what?

FURST: What I mean is, are you interested in bettering your community, in good government? In other words, do you keep your finger on the pulse of our country?

EDNA: The Gallup Poll man doesn't complain.

JOHN: Dear, I hardly think...

FURST: Never mind, John. I like a frank answer. To continue, Mrs. Tryve...

EDNA: Oh, can the formality. Just call me Aphrodite.

JOHN: But, dear, your name is Edna.

EDNA: I thought you said you wanted me to impress the man.

FURST: To continue then, Aphro... Edna, do you have many friends whom you enjoy being with and who enjoy being with you?

EDNA: Make up your mind. Who or whom?

(Continued on Page 69)





# ***fire and ice...***





**... and everything nice: that's lovely sue van orden**

**T**HERE have been occasional complaints that American girls, as opposed to their European contemporaries, are a cold and calculating lot. As is the case with a host of general statements, this one is without much foundation.

For the vibrant, fresh-scrubbed, healthy and pampered American girl is a warm-blooded little mammal through whose veins courses a glowing fire that is more than a match for the thin and icy wind that blows over a snow-covered mountain top.


Photographer Bill Reid and Coed Sue Van Orden went to some lengths to prove this point under conditions that would have had the average European miss bedded down with the sniffles and a temperature of a hundred and three, and brought back from their Alpine safari pictorial evidence to bolster our case.

We're not chauvinistic; we admit that the European girl has her good, even fine, points. But we insist, on the other hand, that the American girl, far from being cold by nature, is capable of displaying a great deal of warmth.

Meet Sue Van Orden. Exhibit A. See next page for Exhibit B.







"Ja, Mein Herr,  
was wilt du haben?"  
"A fraülein like Sue  
in mein mountain cabin!"





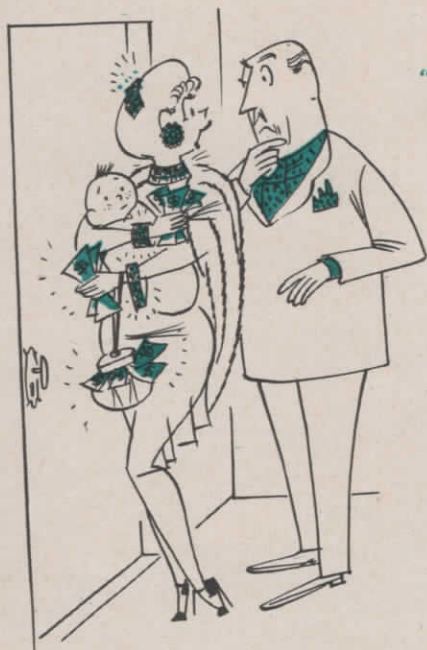


# who-me?

*dennis looks at left-handed fatherhood*

There comes a time in every man's life — somewhere between the time he's learned the facts of existence and when he's too old to apply them — when he is faced with a situation that calls for all his reserves of tact, his knowledge of the social graces, and knowing when to bug-out.

This handy guide is submitted for your ready reference the next time a vaguely familiar blonde shows up at your door with a bag of groceries in her arms and the top grapefruit emerges to expose two big blue eyes just like your own.



*"I really must go, Snooks — I have to call on seven other guys this morning."*

## BRIBERY

The master looks down his long nose at this clumsy technique. This approach admits defeat, as the expert avoids expense as well as matrimony. It is to be used only in cases of dire emergency for a nimble mind to buy time. One thing in its favor, it's effective . . .

## FRIENDSHIP

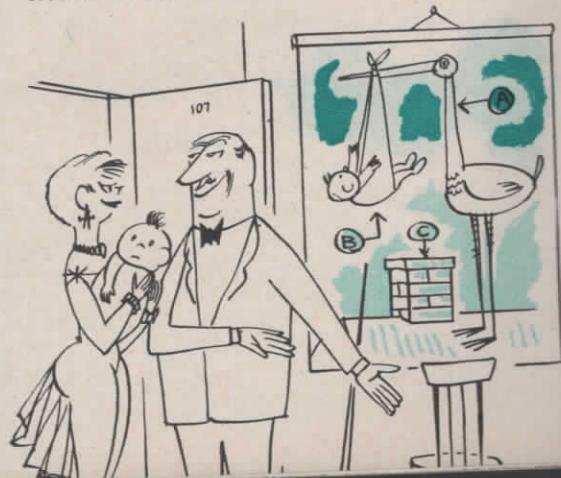
Men sometimes fall back on the safety of numbers immediately after she has fallen back on her rose-colored velvet divan. These believers in cooperative enterprise spread themselves thin over the greatest possible territory and to confuse the enemy and her vulgar matrimony-twisted mind. The "tender trap" traps too many to take to church or court. An added inducement is that you can enjoy the warm feeling of brotherhood and the joy of accomplishment with so many. The mob instinct abets the survival instinct.



*"... and Miss La Snookie says congratulations to you all."*

## RATIONALIZATION

This man is never caught with his pants down, as the saying goes. His approach is well thought out in advance. Long ago he dipped into folklore and his early sex education and stands ready night or day with his diagram — printed in four brilliant colors. If necessary, he can call in four maiden aunts to testify to the truth of his post graduate lecture on the facts of life and romance.









# ESCAPADER CUM LAUDE:



(FOREWORD: From time to time, in this pleasant business of putting out a magazine, *Escapade's* Editors run across a man who, to a greater extent than the average male, appears to possess those highly desirable but elusive qualities that America has come to identify with the Escapader. On the rare occasions when such remarkable specimens come to our attention, we intend to bestow upon them the accolade of "Escapader Cum Laude" with a golden key denoting the honor. In the following article, we take great pleasure in presenting our first Escapader Cum Laude.)

**A**N Escapader, by definition, is a man who gets the most out of life and, in doing so, contributes in large measure to the happiness of his fellow man. Some Escapaders possess this faculty to a greater extent than others, and we



An Escapader at home. Here's Ward Kimball, surrounded by hi-fi, celestial globe, oil painting, fire hats, a Siamese cat, television, train models and railroad paraphernalia, and other symbols of his many interests. The place, Ward's San Gabriel, California home; the time, a Sunday afternoon; the cast (off-stage) Ward's lovely wife, Betty; his three children, a crowd of three-dozen "extras," adult and juvenile, and writers and photographers from two national magazines; the occasion, Ward's nomination as the first Escapader Cum Laude.



our first golden key goes to an amazing personality

# WARD KIMBALL

By The Editors

take great pleasure in introducing to our readers one who has developed it to the highest degree.

Meet Ward Kimball: artist, bandleader, airplane pilot, husband and father, motion picture producer, director and writer; *raconteur*, genial host and hobbyist extraordinary.

At the Walt Disney Studios in California's San Fernando Valley, Ward occupies a position in the rarified upper-wheel atmosphere. He currently is production head of what is called on the lot the "space unit," concerned with the making of science films for the highly successful TV feature, "Disneyland," which he also directs and has a hand in writing. During his twenty-one years with Walt Disney, Ward has risen from animator to supervising animator, to writer-director, to producer-writer-director. Among other things, he directed the Academy Award-winning cartoon (the

first in CinemaScope) "Toot, Whistle, Plunk and Boom," which also received the highest award for cartoons at the Cannes Film Festival in 1953.

For both the "space" films and "Toot, Whistle, Plunk and Boom," Ward is eminently qualified. An astronomer of some ability, he possesses a six-inch, motor-driven telescope through which he and his family peer at the stars and planets. (The dust clouds which obscured the surface of Mars during its recent approach to Earth caused him more irritation than the Los Angeles smog, which occasionally obscures the lesser stars of the Hollywood firmament.)

"Toot, Whistle, Plunk and Boom" was an interesting, humorous and educational examination of the evolution of

(Continued on Page 64)



Top row, left to right: "Fire Chief" Kimball cranks up his official car, an early vintage Maxwell; the Kimball clan gathers about the six-inch refracting telescope through which they watch the progress of the stars. Ward is the leader of the famous Firehouse Five Plus Two; Lower: although he is a serious artist, Ward's sense of humor sometimes drives him to productions such as this "moving picture," this Kimball painting adorns the stack of one of his three steam locomotives; one of the beautifully reconditioned engines gets steam up.



**Y**es, we





movie moguls who never got past the  
third grade have a weird idea of campus life

## are collegiate! BY DAVID BUSWELL

(FOREWORD: This highly amusing satirical critique of the wide-screen, Technicolor musical comedy with a collegiate theme, so favored by Hollywood producers, is the fourth Monthly Winner in Escapade's Creative Writing Contest for Collegians. It is the work of David Buswell, a senior at Northern Illinois State College at DeKalb, who receives \$100 for passing the first hurdle of the contest and becomes eligible for the \$500 Grand Award for the best of the six monthly stories published. The illustration for this story also was done by a college student, Sam Hart, of the University of California at Los Angeles.)

It seems that everyone, whether he be young or old, has been exposed at one time or another to that product of unlimited Hollywood imagination known simply and modestly as a "spectacular musical extravaganza!" The press agents go berserk with the release of such a production and superfluous adjectives, flowing with incredible ease, invade the advertising media.

Is it possible that there might be one particular form of celluloid musical that could conceivably be placed on a plane lower than average? Possibly just one. It is commonly known as the "College, U.S.A." musical.

This type of entertainment has been invading local cinema houses and insulting the intelligence of movie-goers ever since Wally Westmore discovered he could make a 35-year-old, three-time divorcee look like a virtuous coed.

The first scene invariably finds demure, young, bewildered Penelope (Penny to her friends) getting off the train at Little River, a lazy valley town which boasts the campus of Mundane College.

Penny, just beginning her college career as a freshman, hails from a little mining town in South Dakota. She has worked every spare moment for the last ten years to send herself through school. Her father doesn't exactly smash through the upper-income bracket.

Penny doesn't know a soul in Little River or at Mundane except an old high school beau named Maxwell, who meets her at the station. Maxwell likes Penny. Maxwell is conference checker champion. He is a

real nice guy. He takes Penny by the hand and escorts her to his old Model A Ford. They drive together down the shady streets of Little River. Its shady streets are in reality a work of art; it took the men on the set almost three hours to erect them.

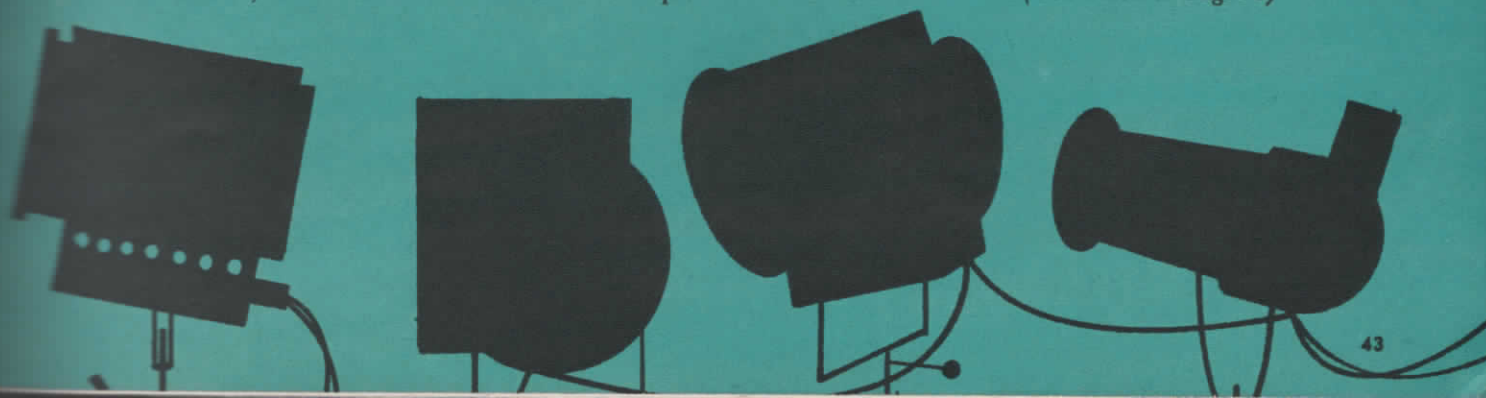
Upon her first glimpse of the campus, Penny, unable to suppress her emotions, bursts into melodic song praising Mundane College. Maxwell, far from being a kill-joy, joins her on the second chorus. Although they haven't seen each other since high school graduation, they are in perfect harmony and know all the words to the extemporaneous song.

They eventually jolt to a halt on the last note in front of Dalrymple Hall, women's dormitory at Mundane. Although it was broad daylight when they left the station, there is now full moonlight shedding golden light on the pair. This moon is an electrician's joy.

Penny, after thanking Maxwell for the lift, skips lightly up the stairs of Dalrymple carrying two steamer trunks and an ironing board, blowing kisses to Maxwell as he drives off.

The plot thickens when Penny meets her new roommate, Thelma. Thelma is gorgeous. Thelma is queen of everything. Thelma is sexy.

(Continued on Page 58)







*"Dearest, there's something I think I should tell you..."*



**M**OST of my best friends look deflated and so do I. The reason? We're afflicted with flat-chestedness. Mother Nature must have run short on material when she turned out our generation, because a surprising number of us have been gypped in the bosom department. Our generation was spawned circa '27, shortly before the great depression. Maybe Mother Nature had an inside tip on the impending collapse and decided to give it a trial run on us.

If there really is safety in numbers, we're plenty safe, especially in the unglamorous number, 32-A. And we can honestly state that Jane Russell has never lost any sleep on our account.

Perhaps my personal experiences with flat-chestedness will enlighten the fortunates who are better endowed. Perhaps my strange encounters will entertain other bosomless compatriots. Nevertheless, here goes a brief history of one gal's head-on collision with circumstances beyond her control.

Luckily, the prevailing fashion in my high school days was one of concealment. We all wore baggy size-40 sweaters that hung straight from our shoulders. Only in formals could anyone sort out the "haves" from the "have-nots." Our first school prom revealed that the deck was heavily stacked in favor of the "have-nots."

Padding at this stage of life was useless. Since our school crowd was mainly minus, anyone who suddenly appeared to be plus would have raised strong suspicions and would have been unmercifully razed. We of the minus camp, having little other choice, accepted our lot and made no effort to put on a false front. In fact, while we were close pals, we could hardly have called ourselves bosom buddies.

Graduation from high school split up that old gang of mine. Here was the perfect transitional period for those of us who were determined to remedy the situation. However, by this time I was resigned to my fate of wearing sweaters to keep warm. I passed up the rush to the falsie retailers and for this reason, and others, was never asked to make a Hollywood screen test.

At college I found allies by the score. Evidently I was not only the victim of a local blight, but also part of a national shortage. Many of my college chums, though, did decide to "refurbish the front porch," since the baggy sweater was fast becoming passé.

Christian Dior had sprung the New Look and those of us who were slaves to fashion had to do something fast. Chances are that by November of our freshman year all the falsie manufacturers in America had ordered new Cadillacs.

My personal collegiate claim to fame was due to a combination of falsies and my major in home economics. Some students made straight A's; some students won scholarships; I sewed falsies in bathing suits. To avoid monotony, I rounded out my business (and quite a few friends) to include dinner gowns and dance frocks. However, my specialty was still bathing suits. The school swimming club especially appreciated my talents and always gave me a big rush each year before the annual water show.

Anchoring the sponge rubber rascals properly in a swim suit was vitally important. A vagrant falsie could turn an elaborate water ballet into a confused comedy scene, to say nothing of the lop-sided loser, who would probably head for the bottom of the pool and drown herself in mortification.

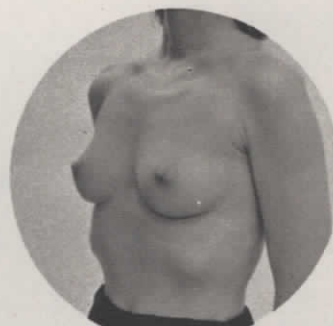
The truth is that if all the swim suit falsies had escaped at once, the pool and swimmers would have been obliterated in a tangle of flying saucers.

(Continued on Page 55)

## A Clean-Breasted Confession

By VIRGINIA DORAN

1



2



B



3





up early -  
had a large  
breakfast



Travel  
light!

# GULLIBLE'S TRAVELS



I made many interesting  
shipboard  
acquaintances..

then  
went  
to a  
Sidewalk cafe,  
where I studied up on  
what Paris had to offer.



Le Cafe de Paris



FOLIES  
Salle de Concert



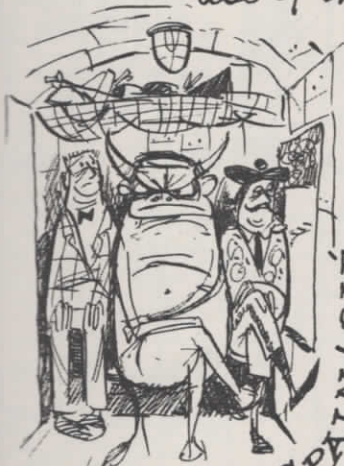


the diary of an  
innocent abroad  
BY BOB EGGERS

found myself  
in the Latin Quarter,  
where I had the  
strange feeling that  
everyone recognized me  
as an American.



In the studios the  
Paris artists make excellent  
use of their natural  
facilities.



OFF TO SPAIN! OLE!

in Madrid after  
an exceptional  
bullfight the fans showered the  
matador with  
personal possessions, some  
of an intimate nature.



(Continued on next page)



I met a charming Neapolitan lad who hospitably insisted I visit his home to meet

part of his family



Italian rhythms are apparently confined to the music field.



- visited the colorful Italian fruit market

It was fascinating to observe the conversational gestures of the natives



I tried, too, but failed



I found the fountains of Rome inspirational as well as functional.





Bathing attire changes in each country—perhaps the most unusual is Sweden.



Northern Scandinavia is terribly cold—I spent most of my time in my room.

## GIRL GUIDE

high—\*  
medium—•  
low—○

	QUALITY	AMOUNT	EXPENSE
SCANDINAVIA	*	•	*
ENGLAND Piccadilly	•	•	*
ITALY Rome	*	*	*
Naples	○	*	•
PARIS Left Bank	•	•	•
Right Bank	*	*	**
Pigalle	○	*	•
SPAIN Madrid	*	*	•
Southern Spain	•	○	○
GERMANY soldiers	•	•	*
civilians	•	○	*



and at last—  
home, sweet  
home!

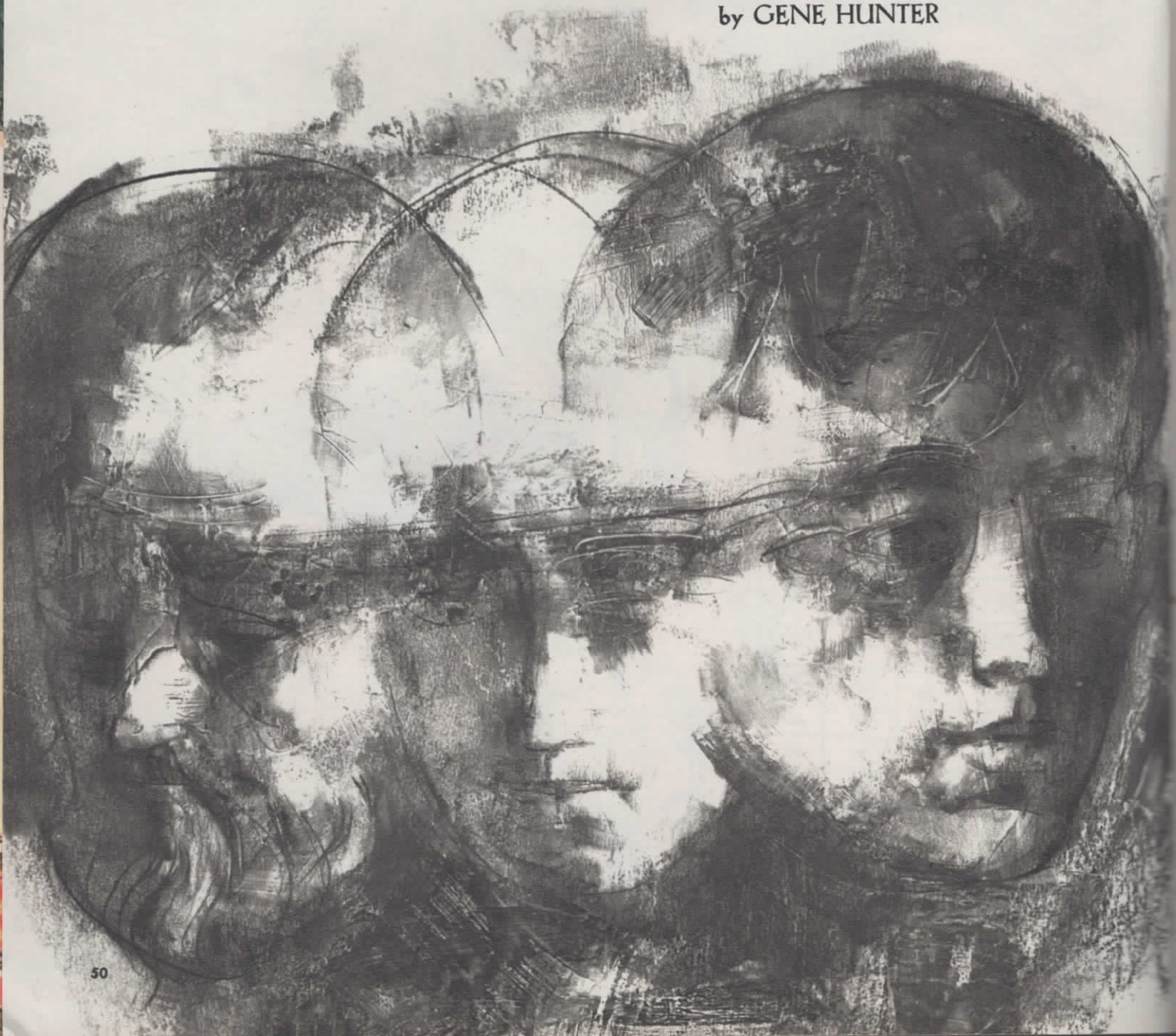


Bob Eggers



the KING who  
became a PRINCE

by GENE HUNTER





**B**ECAUSE everyone who enters this world must eventually leave it, the incidence of graves, crypts and other burial places is high. In some of these lies interred the bones of famous men. This is the story of the king who lies in one obscure grave...

John Haggerty used to say, over a bottle of beer at Joe's, that all of us had a problem or we wouldn't be in the newspaper business to begin with.

I knew what Haggerty's problem was. He feared the advancing years. Getting old worried him more than anything else.

He used to confide in me about it. "Someday," he would say, "I'll be too damned old for anything — especially women. Senile, and with nothing accomplished. No child to leave behind."

From this point on, Haggerty was always good for a discourse on modern morality. The rest of us on the Morgan City Times staff considered him something of a Philip Wylie in the rough.

Along with his other talents, he had a knack of knowing people. Indirectly, that's how he got to be an emperor. He knew Morgan City's mayor, top book-maker, best call girl, most dedicated minister, most corrupt policeman and cleanest city department head equally well. They all loved Haggerty and Haggerty loved no one.

He just happened to know a congressman. That was how he got his commission as a navy public information officer during the Korean war.

He spent two years at Pearl Harbor and another in Tokyo. Then he started home, thirty-seven years old, with a discharge and a lifetime of getting older ahead of him.

Haggerty looked at that which he had pulled aboard the life raft for a long time. At first he was animal-like and he gazed hungrily, wishing his strength would return.

Then it occurred to him that she might sunburn in the tropic heat. That part of her which held his gaze was obviously unaccustomed to the sun. Bronzed himself and in little danger of burning, he took off his shirt and laid it over her as gently as possible.

Despite the heat, the sea water was cool. He applied it to her face.

"Don't try to stand up," he advised her when the water finally took effect. "You'll rock the boat. Besides — what you're wearing on top is liable to fall off."

She looked up at him, then down at her lightly covered body.

He smiled. "That's the only shirt I'm

going to have for some time. Try to take care of it."

She smiled back. That was when he was sure she was all right.

She was careful not to change position. "What about the others?" she asked, looking at him gravely.

"The plane went under fast," Haggerty told her. "There aren't any others any more."

She was too tired to shock easily. "How come we were so lucky?"

"I was close to the door," Haggerty said. "I was waist deep in Pacific Ocean before I could open it. I don't think we were afloat ten seconds." He kept on looking at her. The shirt hadn't dried out yet. "When I felt something bump against me, I grabbed. That happened to be you."

"Thanks," she said, "but — I was wearing more than this, wasn't I?"

"You must have been before we crashed. Otherwise I'd have noticed. You weren't when I grabbed you. Look, kid — how old are you?"

"Sixteen. And don't call me 'look.' My name's Sherry."

"All right, Sherry. I'm thirty-seven. And the name is John."

"Then," she said, "you're old enough to be my father, like they say." Haggerty winced. He hated to be reminded of his age and he hated clichés. "He's forty-two, I think."

"See here," Haggerty said, "I've never undressed a sixteen-year-old. At least not since I was seventeen. I'm afraid you were incidental. I didn't pick anyone to save. It just happened this way."

"Oh, good," she said. "I was scared of you for a minute. Have you any idea where we are?"

"Only roughly. Somewhere east of Wake, west of Hawaii and south of both, I believe."

"Desolate area?"

"Pretty bare, I'm afraid."

As a matter of fact, they were drifting slowly, south of the equator, midway between 170 degrees east and the International Date Line.

The island lay not quite two thousand miles southwest of Honolulu, about three hundred miles northeast of Makin in the Gilberts and the same distance from the Marshalls. No one had ever bothered to chart it.

Haggerty and Sherry talked about the typhoon that had driven the Navy transport plane far off course after leaving Wake. When that subject was exhausted, Haggerty told her a little about himself

(Continued on Page 66)

*Love on a  
tropical isle  
— and its  
strange outcome*









## PRESSED DUCK (Continued from Page 20)

the smell of smog and few have tasted a properly prepared mallard or widgeon.

Almost any hunter can bring home a game bird, and almost any housewife can clean and cook it. But so much is required in the way of skill and equipment to handle a bird properly that virtually no one without an Escoffier certificate and an adequate kitchen is up to the task.

At the *Duck Press*, the chef is Salvador Velesquez, a reverent apostle of *le haute cuisine*, who has been with the establishment since it was founded in 1939 by Paul Della Maggiora, except for a short sojourn in Chicago, where he was chef of the Ambassador East Hotel.

In the kitchens of the *Duck Press*, many fine dishes are prepared: *Bouillabaisse Marseille*, *Canard l'Orange* with wild rice, Roast Pheasant, Breast of Guinea Hen *en sauce*, Steak *Chateaubriand*, game of all kinds including grouse, venison, wild boar, elk, moose, buffalo and bear; and there are gourmets who relish Roast Peacock. But no one, to my knowledge, who has ever eaten Chef Velesquez's *Canard à la Presse* has ever been heard to declare afterward that he "does not like wild duck."

There is one stipulation, however: it is not wise to try to hurry through a dinner of pressed duck and wild rice at the *Duck Press*. Time and leisure are of the essence.

At the *Duck Press*, we try to have duck and other game on hand, in season. During the off seasons, it is necessary that our patrons provide their own game, usually taken from a deep freeze for the occasion. For the true gourmet, with perhaps limited facilities in his home, prefers that his choice items be properly prepared in the proper environment.

Here at the *Duck Press* we follow a hundred-year-old recipe for *Canard à la Presse* with wild rice, which Paul Maggiora's father was able to entice from the great chef, M. Frederic Delair, on a visit to the renowned French restaurant, *La Tour d'Argent*, when Paul was an impressionable teenager. By careful experimentation over the years, we have managed to modify the original recipe somewhat, but in its essentials, it is still the same.

First, obviously, there has to be a duck. For a party of six, figure eight to a dozen ducks. Ducks that feed on grain—rice, wheat, barley—are preferable to us, if not to the farmer. They're fatter, and the taste of a fowl's flesh is largely determined by the food he eats. Much of the "high" or "gamy" taste of wild fowl, beloved of gourmets but decried by the possessors of bland palates (a mistaken term in itself—

see your dictionary) derives from the sage, marsh grass and other tidbits of the winged foragers. And they have to fly, and sometimes fly long and hard, for this sort of nourishment.

We'll assume that we have a truly wild duck, possibly a mallard but more probably a widgeon, that has grown up properly, feasting on the tender but comparatively flavorless fat grains of a cultivated field. He is plump and tender. His flesh is dark, because the wild duck has no white meat, and his meat is firm and never "mushy," as in the case of a domestic fowl.

Our duck has been properly prepared. He has been plucked expertly, and there are no pinfeathers. If there is shot, it has been carefully removed. His interior is clean, the liver has been set aside, and he comes to Chef Velesquez ready for treatment.

The chef, in his tall, white hat, is rude to the naked wild bird. Into the anal cavity, Chef Velesquez rams a bunch of celery, with the white upper root trimmed away, but with leaves intact. Over the outer skin, he rubs olive oil until the bird is slick and shiny. A sprinkling of salt and pepper, and a lighter touch of *herbs fine*, and our duck is ready for the oven, which has been preheated to 450 degrees.

For twenty minutes, the chef has nothing to do (assuming that there are no other diners in the place). There is no fancy basting with wine or juices; there is no watching. There is only one purpose of this preliminary "heating"; that is to warm the bird and loosen its skin and joints. When it is taken from the oven, it is still raw and inedible.

When the bird is removed from the oven, it is basted for the first time; the heating, or roasting, has left a residue of tasteful juices in the bottom of the pan. The celery is removed from the duck's interior, and he is placed on a serving platter. But the task of preparation has only begun.

By this time, the chef has had an opportunity to observe the characteristics of the bird. He knows how big he is and, coincidentally, about how old; he has familiarized himself with the quality of the flesh as to firmness (on unfortunate situations, as to toughness). He knows whether the duck is fat or lean and, by experienced handling, what quality of food he has grown on, and how hard that food has been to come by.

The chef places the bird (or birds, usually) on a platter especially designed to drain, but not lose, the juices released by the preliminary heating process, and this platter is carried to the table of the mouth-watering gourmet to whom this

type of food is the acme of perfection.

At the table, the chef turns the duck (or ducks) over to the *canardier*, after a thorough briefing on the fowl's qualities. The *canardier* is assisted by two other waiters in the final preparation of this gourmet's dream, but the chef never loses sight of what is going on.

The table bears, in addition to the proper linen, cutlery and napery (we're not too formal in this regard at the *Duck Press*; the enjoyment of wild game permits no superfluous niceties) a chafing dish of copper, with its alcohol lamp aflame; a beautiful, if functional, duck press of nickel silver or copper, and a pan of wild rice, cooked to a delicate tenderness and flavored with the proper herbs and oils.

Into the chafing dish goes a glass each of good brandy, port, champagne and Madeira; a few drops of lemon juice; and salt, pepper and added *fine herbs*. When this mixture is hot, but not boiling, the *canardier* and his aides, after skinning the fowl, drop the legs, breast and, usually, only the upper wings, into the chafing dish. The carcass is then placed in the duck press, along with the raw liver and the pan juices; this combination is "pressed" by the turn of the big "screw," and the resultant juices are added to the contents of the chafing dish.

For another twenty-five minutes, the skinned and trimmed pieces of our once wild and free-flying duck are simmered in the chafing dish (the length of time varies a bit; this is another point where expert attention is needed). The sauce in which the meat simmers at last attains the consistency of rich chocolate; the whole is transferred with large spoons to large dinner plates upon which have been arranged ringed servings, or nests, of wild rice.

The true gourmet then takes a final sip (or gulp) of the best red wine (burgundy, preferably) and plunges in.

To the truly educated taste buds, there is no finer treat. And even the unsophisticated "palate" is aware that here is something unusually fine.

Our true gourmet, aware of the time and patience required to prepare a wild duck properly, has fortified, without stuffing himself. He has enjoyed an *aperitif*: pale, dry sherry; cracked crab with a sharp dip sauce, and a few dark olives; perhaps a bit of sharp cheese. With *Canard à la Presse* and wild rice, he may have a vegetable: *petits pois* with parsley and butter sauce or, perhaps, a specialty of the *Duck Press*, halves of young green zucchini squash, with shredded cheese and butter, broiled to a tender gold under the charcoal flame.

Wine, of course, is a part of this dinner. Because the wild duck is a dark

(Continued on Page 55)







## CLEAN BREASTED (Continued from Page 45)

Once fastened by my unique method, the falsies withstood the most energetic dives and flip-flops. The shapely swimmers had no worries about their extra equipment. They did have to remember one small precaution, though. After submerging it was necessary to give the gay deceivers a push. Otherwise, a stream of air bubbles would gurgle to the pool surface, a dead giveaway for the "have-not" bathing beauties.

By the time I had reached the status of senior, I had acquired a motto and a trademark. The motto, "*I Fix Flats*," was displayed on the door, much to the curiosity of housemothers and janitors. The trademark, a broken bicycle pump, was located on the desk, much to the constant irritation of my roommate. Since we shared the desk, the pump was always in somebody's way. The roommate was not exactly sympathetic to the problem because she was in the minority; she was a "have," a real wow-ee type of "have."

Over the four-year fling at education, my assorted roommates ranged from sublime to ridiculous in more ways than one. One of my favorites of the assortment was The Bird, who was sublime in her ridiculousness. The Bird, roommate of my junior year, was a true comrade "have-not." She was a zealous falsie booster and had the little sponge cheaters planted in everything but her shoes. From her came my favorite of all embarrassing falsie incidents, which is definitely worth repeating.

During a summer hiatus, The Bird accepted an office job. One day while writing a receipt for a customer, she reached across her desk for some papers and failed to notice a pointed spindle in the way. When the customer squawked, "Look out," The Bird, startled, plopped back into her chair. Sure, you know the rest. The Bird

looked like a "Dragnet" victim with the spindle plunged in her heart (or in that general vicinity).

The flustered customer shouted, "Are you hurt? Are you hurt?" He rushed around the desk, obviously stumped as to how he could administer first aid and still be a gentleman, just as The Bird calmly extracted the spindle. Her classic answer was, "No sir, I don't feel a thing." The pink-faced gent, genuinely unnerved by now, disappeared fast and in subsequent business dealings at the office, always stared at the ceiling.

Whenever recalling the affair, The Bird always added a footnote. "I suppose the least I should have done was to clap my hand over the wound and run for the rest room."

My own direct contact with falsies was pretty well limited. Frankly, I was too lazy to be bothered. Besides, it was more of a challenge to develop an eccentric personality rather than an ersatz cleavage.

I discovered the hard way that gay deceivers is an apt nickname for the spongy twins. They can deceive even the wearer, if she isn't acclimated to them. The main problem for beginners is one of calculating distance. The feeling parallels that of a person who smokes regular size cigarettes trying to light a king-size.

Figuring, "Why be half safe?" I chose king-size falsies for my initial appearance as a full-blown college senior. The occasion was a formal afternoon tea in honor of our parents. (Mine drove 700 miles for the affair — 700 miles for a cup of punch and two green cookies.) At first neither Mother nor Dad noticed my increased measurement. If they had, heaven help me, because both parents shared a bizarre sense of humor and I would have made a dandy target for their verbal arrows.

The tea progressed politely, as formal teas usually do, until Mother took a step backward and collided with my front. She let out a loud surprised "Oh-h," causing near-by punch guzzlers to turn and stare. Exhibiting a sweet motherly smile, she stage whispered, "You stabbed me."

This incident discouraged any illusions I may have had for a shapely shape. I returned the falsies to their owner that evening and went back to my bicycle pump and "I Fix Flats."

Furthermore, the encounter brought into focus a question that had been lurking in my brain for many moons. Why are falsies shaped so peculiarly, like well-honed pyramids?

A few months later, I pushed aside my apprehension and again borrowed the twins. This time I was destined to appear lushly endower at a banquet.

Feeling like a junior-grade Marilyn Monroe, I weathered the dinner perfectly. The falsies were under control — or so I thought.

The host at our table, head dean of the school, had just finished ribbing me about my height. (In this case lack of height, since I'm an even sixty inches, a meaty source of amusement to anyone measuring six and a half feet or over.) Leaving me as the center of conversational attention, he suggested that we adjourn to attend the evening's entertainment. As I started to rise from my chair, I miscalculated. The falsies poked under my empty dessert plate and gave it a neat flip to the center of the table where it came to a clattering rest.

That cinched it. Never again. Since then I've decided to accept my flat fate and concentrate on more important features, like my double-jointed thumb.

For all I care, my "have-not" sisters can be left to their own devices. As for me, the next time I use falsies, it will be as a matched set of soup strainers.

O-11

## PRESSED DUCK (Continued from Page 53)

and heavy-blooded fowl, the wine is red, not white, as with capon or chicken — or even a guinea hen reared domestically. But not too much wine. Just a good, solid burgundy (watch out for California wines; there are good ones, but the commercial product usually is fortified to bring the alcohol content up to competitive standards, and this spoils the taste. On the other hand, some are very good, and this is also true of New York wines). And with wine, moderation is smart.

Salad? That's up to you. There is a good deal of argument about this. The

*Duck Press* serves a fine salad, and the waiter will recommend one to anyone who desires one. But it should be small, in any case, and the dressing should not be heavy.

And so to dessert. Our recommendation is a *Rum Torte*, although there are people who are still hungry after a dinner of *Canard à la Presse*. With them, we will discuss *Cherries Jubilee* or, perhaps, *Crepes Suzettes*. I, myself, prefer a *bleu* cheese or, depending upon my mood, a *camembert*.

Coffee. Of course. The only consideration is: full cup, or *demi tasse*?

An after-dinner drink? Well, there are wonderful *cognac* brandies. The *Alphonso's*, the *B-and-B's*, the *Cointreaus* — they're for someone else, not for Your Host.

Anyone who has enjoyed such a dinner is eligible for the inner circle of gourmets. The danger is that, once having risen to such heights, ordinary food will no longer satisfy the inner man, and this can pose an economic problem. However, this is a calculated risk, and the experience justifies it.

All *Escapaders* are welcome at the *Duck Press*, with one stipulation: if you visit us during an off-season, please bring your own duck! O-11



*"I never know what to talk about at these orgies . . ."*









It is immediately obvious to the audience that Thelma is much more worldly-wise than Penny. Thelma wears low-cut dresses. Penny wears Dorothy Collins' blouses. Thelma wears make-up. So does Penny, but the audience isn't supposed to know that. Thelma has an exotic hairdo. Penny's golden tresses are unblemished by artificial treatments. Thelma is a knockout. Penny is unobtrusive. They make perfect roommates.

One evening while Maxwell and Penny are deeply engrossed in a fast-moving game, Thelma arrives with Rory, a fraternity man. Rory is president of Sigma Freud. Rory is BMOC. Rory has just pinned Thelma because Thelma is BWOC.

In this scene the magic of Hollywood is vividly demonstrated. The boys sound better than Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians, and from nowhere comes the lilting music of a five hundred-piece orchestra.

Rory kisses Thelma. Rory kisses very well. He should. He's forty-six years old.

Rory takes Thelma by the arm and strolls into the foyer. They pass very close to Penny and Maxwell. Rory, of course, doesn't even notice Penny, until Thelma winks at him with a knowing smile and introduces him. The implication here is that Thelma is just being the gracious big wheel that she is by allowing Penny to meet her pin-man.

Rory smiles at Penny. Penny's heart goes pitty-pat. Penny is in love with Rory.

Let us pause in our critique for a moment to take stock of just what has transpired during the first fifty minutes of the film. There is more than a triangle here; there is a quadrangle. Penny loves Rory after saying "How do you do"; Rory loves Thelma because Thelma is sexy; Thelma loves Rory because Rory is BMOC; and last, but not least Maxwell loves Penny, but Thelma has been in the back of his mind ever since he heard she could play a mean game of checkers.

The next scene is in Penny's room. Thelma is out as usual and Penny is meditating. She is trying to think of a way to win Rory. At this moment who should enter but the kindly old house-mother, aptly portrayed by Mae West. In the movie her name is Mother Perkins. Mother Perkins asks the reason for Penny's obvious melancholy.

Penny tearfully pours out her troubles. Mother Perkins chortles to herself. It seems that she has resolved the problem. It seems that she was once a Ziegfeld Follies girl and knows all the tricks of luring the opposite sex.

The next day a new girl is sitting in Penny's classroom chair. The audience knows, of course, that it's not a new girl at all but, actually, Penny, who has been transformed by Mother Perkins' cleverness. She is wearing an outfit that should get her arrested for indecent exposure.

Everyone stares at Penny's low-cut dress. Everyone stares at the smiling red lips. Everyone watches the way she walks. Penny is so happy at the way everyone is staring at her that she once again breaks into song. The whole class breaks into song, too. Penny's voice can be heard above all the rest because she's not really singing. It's actually Jane Froman.

Penny bounces out of class after deftly squelching some unwholesome ideas the baby-faced prof had. She dances down the campus singing gaily with that mysterious five hundred-piece orchestra. No one seems to notice her dancing or singing with the five hundred-piece orchestra.

Her choreography takes her in front of the Sigma Freud fraternity house. It might be apropos to describe this edifice. It's very large. As a matter of fact,

it dwarfs the Waldorf. It has huge white pillars and a gold door on which is emblazoned a picture of its founder, Dr. Krafft-Ebing, and its crest.

Just as Penny walks by, the door bursts open and out comes Rory, not walking but dancing, dressed in Oxford gray slacks, white bucks and a gaudy sport shirt. He has a tennis racket under his bronze-colored arm and dances to the curb to his Cadillac with the cashmere top. Rory is subsidized.

Rory ogles Penny as she flits by and does the now-famous Hollywood "double-take." He inquires if Penny would like a lift. You bet Penny wants a lift. The whole plot has been building up to this gripping climax.

Once Penny is settled on the genuine leather seat, Rory asks her name, his painted white teeth grinding sensuously. She tells him that she is Penny, the demure young thing he'd met that night in Dalrymple. He, of course, can't believe his eyes. Neither can the audience.

They talk as they drive and suddenly it's dark. They conveniently find themselves on the edge of a sleepy lagoon. The crickets are chirping as the big car glides to a halt.

Rory has the radio on. Freddy Gardner's "*I'm in the Mood for Love*" is softly playing. Rory puts a muscled arm around Penny and begins to croon. Freddy Gardner suddenly loses the melody and begins to accompany Rory as he sings. The audience wishes they had a radio in their car that would accompany them when *they* sing.

The last scene is at the campus Sweet Shoppe. All the gang is there. Penny is now wearing Rory's pin. Thelma is now carrying Maxwell's checkerboard. All four are dancing from table to table, deftly missing the sundry plates and glasses. Maxwell especially amazes the audience because up to this time he has done nothing but play checkers. If they had scrutinized the marquee carefully before coming in, they would have seen that Maxwell is played by Fred Astaire.

The Sweet Shoppe proprietor, played by Lauritz Melchior, begins singing the "Drinking Song" from *"The Student Prince."* Everyone joins in singing and dancing on the tables. A few of the more adept students are demonstrating their agility by aerial stunts on the revolving ceiling fans. The epic ends as they all stop, face the camera with broad grins and drain their malt glasses.

Yes, indeed, College, U.S.A. is a wonderful form of entertainment to miss.





## ADAM'S spare ribs with forbidden fruit for hungering EVES

Bone surgeons today have not quite caught up with that classic operation in Eden. During a deep sleep, a spare rib was detached from Adam, and from that one thin bone a whole woman was fashioned complete with a third rail of curiosity. So came Eve, first love at first sight and number one virgin via vivisection.

Right away Eve starts yacking with that low crawl the Serpent, plucks the red apple of temptation from the garden of Paradise, and initiates the loose leaf system used in colleges all over the country.

Spare ribs nowadays are strictly from the pigs. Allow at least one pound raw weight per person, more for men. This recipe deals four.

5 pounds spare ribs

1 onion, 1 green pepper, 3 stalks celery

1 small can crushed pineapple

3 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons brown sugar,

2 tablespoons cornstarch

1/2 cup vinegar, 2 tablespoons soy sauce,

1/2 cup water, salt and pepper

Salt and pepper the ribs and place in shallow pan lean side up. They may be separated or left in slabs. Roast in 400 degrees oven for a half hour. No lid.

Chop the onion, green pepper, and celery quite fine and cook over low heat in the melted butter for about five minutes. Dissolve the cornstarch in the water and add to the cooked vegetables, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens. Then add the pineapple, brown sugar, vinegar and soy sauce. Stir constantly and keep heat low.

Drain fat from the ribs and pour the sauce over them. Lower the oven heat to 300 degrees and baste occasionally with the sauce until ribs are golden brown, about forty minutes longer.

Short cut for Adam in a hurry: baste with mixture of vinegar, Coca Cola, corn syrup, and soy sauce.

Scrubbed potatoes, thickly rubbed with bacon grease, baked at the same time as the ribs. Eat skins too.

**with it:** The FORBIDDEN FRUIT: Drain a can of spiced peaches. Replace liquid with Cointreau. Chill thoroughly and serve in stemmed glasses, one peach to each glass, garnished with a sprig of mint.



### while you're cooking

Try BLACK VELVET:

Ice cold stout and chilled champagne  
mixed 50-50 in a tall glass.



### biology note:

After her fall, Eve came back sporting a fine mink coat, turning all the females in the garden green with envy.

CAT 1: "How do you figure she got the mink?"

CAT. 2: "Same way minks get minks!"









# strange-r in paradise

*her tresses reach her waist, but margo's no long-hair*



**H**ER NAME is Margo Strange; she looks like a Polynesian maiden. But she was born in Texas and was discovered by *Escapade* singing with a jazz combo in the Long Beach, California, *Stardust Room*.

Her life has been almost exotic as her name. Following a career as a coed at the University of Oklahoma, where she majored in voice, Margo joined up with a small touring band and wound up with it, finally, in the Hawaiian Islands. The Hawaiians assumed she was another Hawaiian, which proved professionally disadvantageous, and so she returned to the mainland and a new start.

Not surprisingly, Margo drifted to Hollywood, where she added photographic modeling to her movie and nightclub chores. Currently, her singing career is on the up-grade, and big things are predicted for her.

Despite all this, Margo is still in her early twenties. She stands a neat five feet, four inches and weighs a hundred and ten, distributed thirty-four, twenty-four, thirty-five in the critical areas. Her black hair and blue eyes show up beautifully in the photos on the opposite page.



## RHAPSODY IN FLESH TONES (Continued from Page 18)

night at Vassar slipped below Eve's consciousness. Then Asa was stroking the keys again, his eyes completely closed, and the other musicians laid down their instruments and just listened.

Eve closed her eyes, letting the music carry her back again to that senior prom night at Vassar. Standing there then in Asa's arms, feeling his lips on her neck and throat and finally her lips, pressing her body against his tightly, and knowing that he was totally captivated, Eve had pushed away from him suddenly and stared at him, wondering why she was drawn to him, why she let this—this plowboy hold her, caress her, kiss her?

Asa had moved toward her. "Eve, I never seen a woman like you. So soft and beautiful." He groped for words and his eyes reflected the struggle he was having.

"I ain't a college man, got no fancy words. I just know I want you, gotta have you." In a hoarse, cracked voice, he had spilled words, repeating them over and over. "Please, Eve, please."

She had stood, swaying a little, caught in his spell, feeling his breath on her shoulders, letting his hands caress her, still hearing his music. Then she pulled away from him.

"Asa, you'd better get back to your piano. They'll miss you," she said, impersonally, coolly.

Passion and emotion had choked him and he could only stand there, in the moonlight, mutely pleading.

"Now, Asa, you've had your fun." Eve's voice was impatient, slightly bored. "You had your chance to dance with the beautiful lady, to hold her tight, and even kiss her. Why, Asa, not many boys can say that." She patted his cheek. "Run along now. Go along like a nice boy."

She turned, the trembling of her body now as controlled and measured as her voice had been, and walked back into the auditorium where Arthur was waiting, fuming, sputtering, and demanding an explanation.

Then, this morning, two years later, Arthur had called her.

"Thought you'd like to know, darling," he had emphasized the "darling," "that your plowboy Romeo is in town."

For several seconds this had failed to register with Eve.

"You know, Eve. Remember the senior prom and that hayseed pianist who kept gawking at you? The one you took outside and necked with?" Arthur's voice had a slight bitter tinge now.

"Oh, yes. What's he doing in New York?" she asked casually.

"I saw him last night at Fat City. He was playing piano. Sounded real good. Just thought you'd like to know."

"Thank you, Arthur, darling." Eve used the "darling" with equal sarcasm.

And so she had come to Fat City, drawn

by the memory of Asa's music, of the strange attraction he held for her, and now she sat, only a few feet from him, and he, oblivious of her, was working the same sound magic that stirred her two years ago.

Suddenly, the music stopped. Asa stood up, his face wet chalk, and walked quickly toward the exit. Eve knew he had seen her. Silence fell from the ceiling and the only movement was the rustle of her deep red dress as she followed him.

Outside, Asa leaned against the building. The doorman nodded to him and smiled at Eve. She nodded briefly and walked over to Asa, her slender, lithe body swaying, trembling. He looked at her.

"Got a cigarette?" his voice was tired, empty, and his narrow shoulders heaved with a spasmodic rhythm.

Eve took a silver cigarette case from her black purse and opened it.

"Light one," he said, still leaning against the building.

She spun the wheel of the silver, monogrammed lighter, letting the flame flare up then fall before she lit the cigarette. She drew deeply on it, then handed it to him.

"Thanks." He pulled on it with his girl-soft lips, drawing the smoke to the depths of his lungs, then slowly spewed forth twin jets from his narrow nostrils.

"Asa," Eve spoke, a low sensuous voice that stirred men's minds and bodies. He did not glance at her and she had to grope.

"My car's around the corner," she said. He shrugged but followed her to the sleek Cadillac, and got in.

"I've been looking for you since that night at Vassar," she said huskily and waited for some sort of response. Asa merely pulled on his cigarette and leaned against the seat, his eyes half-closed. Desperately, she went on:

"I've been all over the city," she said. "Into every club and joint imaginable. I heard you were playing at the *Gold Ladle*. I went there but you had left."

He didn't move except to clench his jaw. Even when Eve touched his cheek, her breasts pushing against the dress, erect, taut, he didn't move. His breath was more even now and color began to creep back into his face. Eve slid behind the wheel and steered the Cadillac onto Second Avenue. Asa ground out the cigarette and stared out the window. They were silent as the car moved smoothly through the coruscating lights of the city, out toward Westchester, and finally pulled up in front of a large, colonial style mansion.

"My home," Eve said.

Asa stared at it indifferently.

"Real big. Big and fancy," he said, his voice matching his stare.

Eve flushed. "My parents are in Europe," she said slowly, then got out of the car and started up the walk, her hips moving rhythmically, provocatively. She was nearly at the door when she heard the car

door slam and, with a faint smile, she went into the house, leaving the front door open.

Asa walked in and saw her, standing in the living room, her legs spread so that the deep red dress embraced her even more tightly, her shoulders arched back, her high breasts rising quickly with her breathing.

His eyes fell on the grand piano and he walked over to it, and sat on the highly polished bench. His fingers roved lightly over the keys and Eve stood at the side.

"You know," he said softly, dreamily, "after that night at Vassar, when I was sitting in at the dance, the night I met you . . ."

"Yes," she murmured. "I remember very well."

"After that night, I couldn't play for a long time. I would sit at the piano and run my fingers over the keys but nothing happened. I mean nothing good. Just a lotta notes that didn't say nothing or do nothing."

She moved closer to him, her eyes on his face.

"Took me a spell 'fore I could really play again. Not till a long while after I wrote to you and you didn't answer." A pained expression knifed across his face as though he were reliving the writing of that letter—the long, painstaking hours he had labored, the careful lettering—and his forehead glistened.

His fingers seemed to dig into the keys, as though they were flesh. He finished, his head bent at an angle, himself suspended in limbo, between dimensions, exhausted. Eve stood before him, her hands cupping his chin, raising his head, forcing his ebony eyes to meet the depthless green of her own. She drew him to his feet, and moved closer to him, pressing her body against him, so that every subtle curve was flush with him. She kissed him, her soft hungry lips on his girl-soft lips, forcing them to part, her tongue caressing his.

She pulled away from him and slipped off her clothes, then stood, the light and shadows dancing over her body, heightening the deep valleys, reflecting from her shoulder-length hair.

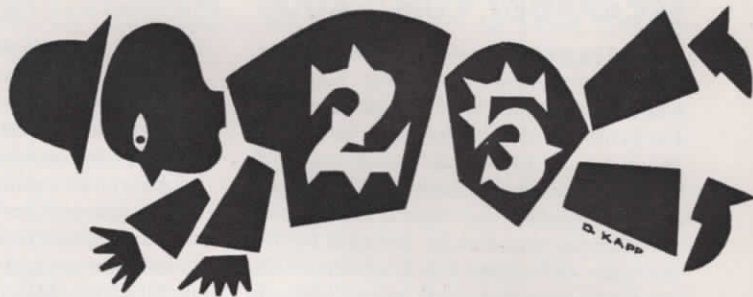
He drew the molten honey from her lips, her tongue, let his hands run over her body. Then he hurled her from him and stood over her, his face settling into an expressionless mask. He sat down at the piano bench. His ebony eyes came alive and his fingers touched the keys lovingly and he played, the chords rising up out of him, faster and faster, until they became a torrent, and the piano, like a woman, responded. The room was filled with music and Eve, lying on the floor, her body caught in the chiaroscuro of the room, her slender arms tight around Asa's leg, moaned while he continued his holy, profane lovemaking with the piano, a curious smile on his narrow face.



## Something Missing

A half-stewed customer had finally been promised a beer from a skeptical bartender with the stipulation that he was sober enough to do twenty-five pushups, and was on the tavern floor busily carrying out his part of the bargain when another drunk straggled to the door.

The newcomer stumbled over to the performer and carefully scrutinized his calisthenics, then gave a short laugh and said, "Heck, buddy, you might as well quit. She's gone!"



## A N E C D O T E S   F O R   A D U L T S

### The Late, Late Show

Sing a song of sixpence,  
A belly full of rye,  
I dreamed I saw a naked wench  
Go bubble-dancing by;  
And just as four-and-twenty birds  
Flew up to peck the bubble  
I saw the old familiar words:  
"We're having network trouble."



## f r o m   t h e   e s c a p a d e   c o l l e c t i o n

### Big Swindle

A drunk at a bar amazed the fellows on either side of him by taking a tiny piano and stool from his pocket and placing a small mouse on the stool. The mouse played beautifully.

"I'm broke. Buy me a drink," the drunk pleaded.

His impressed auditors were moved. "With an act like that, you should be rolling in dough," one of them said. And he bought a drink.

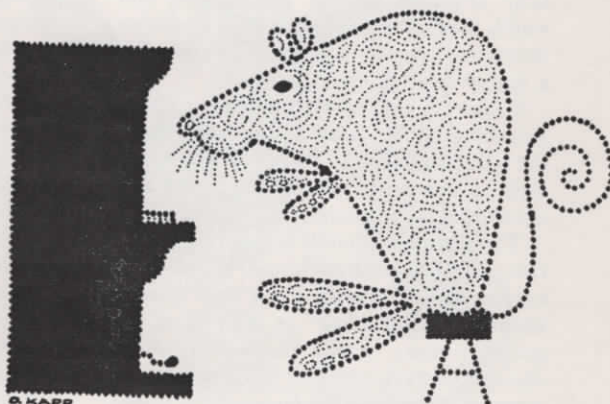
After he'd downed it, the drunk said, "That's nothing. Buy me another drink and I'll really show you something." The deal was made, and the drunk pulled another mouse from his pocket and set it on the bar. Then, while the first mouse played an accompaniment, the second mouse sang. And beautifully.

The other barflies applauded vigorously. The drunk held up his hand for quiet and said: "Fellows, I need money. I'll sell the whole act for twenty-five dollars."

There was a scramble, at the end of which the drunk had his money and one of the barflies pocketed the mice and the tiny piano, and left.

"You're stupid to sell an act like that so cheap," one fellow said to the drunk. "Why, it's worth a fortune!"

"Confidentially," the drunk confided, "I cheated him. You know the second mouse, the one that sang? Well, he can't sing at all. The first mouse is really a ventriloquist!"





## ESCAPADER CUM LAUDE

(Continued from Page 41)

musical instruments and their place in performing ensembles. As the long-time leader and trombone player of the colorful Firehouse Five Plus Two jazz band, Ward has a closer than casual acquaintance with things musical. The result was a film sparked by light-hearted, non-proselytizing authenticity which delighted not only the children for which it was primarily intended, but more musically sophisticated adults as well.

Anyone associated with Walt Disney must be able to reach the minds of children and, therefore, must understand them. Here again, Ward is an eminently qualified man, being the father of three of the nicest, best-looking kids around: Kelly, a delightful sixteen-year-old blonde who will be graduated from high school this year; Johnny, a clever and energetic fifteen, and Chloe, a diminutive ten, who is cute as a button and bright as they come. The fabulous Kimball home in peaceful San Gabriel, a Los Angeles suburb, is generally jammed to the rafters with young people of all ages.

The adjective "fabulous" is used here advisedly. Everything about the Kimball manse draws appreciative exclamations from first-time guests, including the very gracious and lovely Mrs. Kimball, the former Betty Lawyer to whom Ward has been happily married for eighteen years. They met when the Disney Studio was located on Hyperion Street in Los Angeles and both were young animators. (At 20, Ward was the youngest member of Disney's staff).

Sharing attention with Mrs. Kimball, the children and Ward is the house itself. In California style, it is all on one level, separated from the semi-rural street by a wide lawn dotted with trees. The living room, together with the dining area, is huge. It has to be—it's usually as crowded as an ant colony with teenagers and younger people, who are much less orderly than ants. When sitting room on divans and chairs runs out, they sprawl on the floor; they make themselves familiarly at home around the icebox, and watch their favorite TV shows without interference from the elder Kimballs. It's a happy atmosphere.

Wings of the home embrace a large swimming pool, heated for comfortable use all year 'round; there's a ping-pong table in the patio, and the big 'scope also draws much attention.

The Kimball grounds occupy more than two acres, and it's all in use. A full-sized narrow-gauge railroad track runs from a barn-like "roundhouse" at the rear of the property more than a hundred yards to the rear of the house, and three beautifully restored Baldwin steam locomotives, bright with brass and paint, haul an old-fashioned coach, a caboose and a flat car the length of the roadbed. Midway between the roundhouse and the end of the track there

is one of those small, yellow, gingerbread stations familiar to travelers in the western United States; it was brought piece-by-piece from a little town in Colorado. Two of the engines are of the type used on Hawaiian sugar plantations; the other, larger one once ran between a couple of mining towns on the Nevada Central.

In a low garage, Ward parks his Thunderbird, an MG and a family station wagon, all new and gleaming, alongside a large fire engine, a small hose cart, a Maxwell "fire chief's" car and a Model T touring car, all of early vintage and all in sparkling running order. They are familiar sights in Southern California parades, generally loaded down with wildly blowing Firehouse Five musicians who all share Ward's enthusiasm for offbeat kicks.

When Ward isn't occupied with his demanding chores at Disney's, he's playing a show or dance date with the Firehouse Five, or building a model solar system with Johnny, or helping Kelly with her high school homework, or trying to beat Chloe at ping pong, or swimming in the pool, or entertaining guests, or being entertained by one of his multitudinous friends, or taking a trip, or visiting a nightclub, or firing up one of his steam engines, or engaging in serious painting, or listening to the hi-fi, or looking at television, or previewing one of his movies, or watching the stars through his telescope, or adding to his extensive collection of model trains and children's toys dating from the early Nineteenth Century, or constructing a mobile, or—but you get the idea. Ward's a busy and happy man.

Whether or not a recent sunny Sunday afternoon at the Kimball home was typical remains a question, but it was illuminating. There were writers and photographers on hand, representing two national magazines; there were about fifteen teenagers watching a professional football game on television; there was a large crowd of adults, some of whom apparently were strangers to the Kimballs and came without invitation, and a swarm of kids. Among these was the pixie-like Chloe, wearing a bathing suit and clambering, for some reason, on the roof of the house with a "special" girl friend, similarly clad.

Through all of this confusion and hi-de-ho, Ward and Betty moved calmly and with gracious poise. There was nothing in their attitude that would indicate they felt that this was in any way unusual.

There is a working windmill on the Kimball property with old-fashioned wooden blades. Ward spotted it one night while he was driving to keep a dance date with two other members of the Firehouse Five, in the yard of a small ranch.

Recognizing it as a genuine antique, Ward decided he must have it. Over the protests of his two passengers, who pointed out they were already late for their engagement, Ward pulled up in front of the

small ranchhouse and went to the door. A woman answered.

"I asked her if the windmill was for sale," Ward relates. "She replied that it probably was, as she and her husband had recently installed a gasoline-engined water pump. We were making progress toward a deal, when suddenly her attitude changed and she started closing the door in my face, slowly.

"I was puzzled, and then I heard a slight sound behind me. I looked over my shoulder and there were two members of the Firehouse Five, wearing a couple of the porter's caps we use in a novelty number.

"'Come along, fella,' one of them said in a soothing, coaxing voice. 'Come along now. We'll get you a windmill.'

"Come to think of it, who *but* an escaped lunatic would go shopping for old windmills at nine p.m.? The lady obviously thought I was just that, and these two guys were my keepers. I tried to talk my way out of it, but you can imagine how impossible that was. I finally had to leave without the windmill. It took me two weeks of correspondence, involving character (and I use the word advisedly) references, before I could close the deal.

"The windmill had been brought out here from Oklahoma in the 1880's, a real relic. I got it, with the tower, for thirty-five bucks, overhauled it and set it up. It would work if we needed it."

In Ward's railroad station, there are a number of train models, including some early ones; an authentic old railroad clock, some old toys, a railroader's telegraph key and other items that seem in place.

But there is also a full-grown stuffed African lion, named Stanley, which can scare hell out of the unsuspecting visitor.

The Firehouse Five Plus Two (earlier, it had been the Firehouse Five and then the Firehouse Five Plus One) is a thoroughly competent and professional group devoted to free-swinging Dixieland jazz. The band has made a number of records and albums, which have sold well, and it is much in demand for dances, entertainments and civic spectacles such as parades, in which they use Ward's fire engine for transportation.

A little known fact about the band is that all of its members are Disney employees: Ward plays a white-painted trombone decorated with red curlicues; Danny Alguire, cornet, and George Probert, clarinet, are assistant directors; Frank Thomas, piano, is a supervising animator; Jim McDonald, drummer, is head of the sound effects department; Ed Penner, tuba, is a writer and story director; Dick Roberts, banjo, is a studio musician, and George Bruns, who plays trombone, piano or clarinet, as the occasion demands, is a member of the studio's music department. He is perhaps best known as the composer of the ballad, "Davy Crockett," perennial delight of small fry and bane of their parents' existence.




From the ceiling of the Kimball living room hangs a large mobile made of thin red sticks and white balls. It was put up one Christmas several years ago as a Yule decoration, and has never been taken down, because Ward likes its structural design. "I like the feeling of enclosed space," he maintains. On a wall of the dining area hangs another of Ward's creations: a three-dimensional painting in which certain elements move when a cord is pulled. A man's hand tickles a lady's cheek, and her eyeballs roll flirtatiously. Others of Ward's paintings, more serious

in approach, occupy other wall space, as do some works by Kelly, who shows signs of inheriting her parents' artistic talents and plans to attend art school.

When all of Ward's activities are added up, they make an impressive list. We doubt that many men enjoy life to the extent that he does, or contribute more to the happiness of their fellows. And perhaps the most remarkable thing about him is that whatever he does, he does amazingly well; Ward's a jack-of-all-trades and master of them, too. He's an amateur at nothing; his art and music are of high professional quality; he flies well enough

to take on a job as an airline pilot, should the occasion arise; he swims, Betty assures us, like a fish and can handle a boat with the assurance of a sea captain. The restoration work he has done on his trains and fire engines displays exceptional craftsmanship.

But, most important of all, Ward has mastered the art of living. And it is to Ward Kimball as a master of this most demanding of all arts that *Escapade* awards its first *Escapader cum laude* gold key. There will be other such presentations from time to time, but we feel that Ward Kimball is worthy of being the first. 

## common lawful wedded wife

*it's more legal, but not as much fun*

by max tadlock

*"It's been two years now, John," she said,  
'I reckon by the law we're wed.'  
And thus by simple flight of time  
Was bachelorhood cut off in prime.*

*She still retained that elfin bloom  
That first had lured him to her room;  
She still retained her zest for play  
That for two years had made him stay.*

*But as she dressed before his eyes  
'Twas just his thoughts began to rise,  
For in his mind a vista spread —  
He was chained to a single bed!*

*Despite the fact he'd seldom strayed,  
He now thought of the ones he'd made  
But could no more with conscience clear.  
And spirits drooped and thoughts went drear.*

*When work time came, he bowed his neck,  
He kissed her with a husband's peck,  
And set off in the morning gloom  
An accidentally wedded groom.*

*When nightfall came, as man and wife  
They played the game, but without life—  
For when one comes to marriage bed  
Intent is there but fire is dead.*

*A mistress gives the thing a flare  
A wife won't match or even dare;  
And lovers add a needed spice  
Of which no husband has the price.*

*Now she is suing for divorce  
But he still has a key, of course,  
So both will very soon receive  
Illicit love's two-year reprieve.*





## KING WHO BECAME PRINCE (Continued from Page 51)

and she started to talk about leaving her navy family in Tokyo to go back to school in California.

That was when she broke down. She cried ceaselessly for ten minutes.

Haggerty stifled several impulses to reach over and comfort her. You can put your arms around a woman near your own age or you can cuddle a little girl. Haggerty was puzzled over what a thirty-seven-year-old male did for a sobbing teen-ager. He was extremely uncomfortable and inadequate to the occasion.

So he did nothing except look around at the horizon. He drank in the island for some time without saying anything to the girl. After she had cried a while she felt better and looked up at Haggerty and followed his gaze southward.

"What . . . island . . . is it?" Her body was jerking with sobs.

"It's not much of anything," he answered, "but it beats a life raft."

They watched silently. "Should we try to paddle for it?" Sherry asked at last.

"Nothing to paddle with, I'm afraid," Haggerty answered. "But it looks like we're drifting the right direction."

Pretty soon she began to laugh. It started out as a soft chuckle. It subsided just short of another attack of hysteria.

"What was that all about?" he asked.

"I guess I was feeling a little sorry for both of us," she said. "Finally it seemed funny—the two of us on a desert island."

Haggerty was hurt. He turned back to watch the island.

"Turn your head a minute, will you?"

He could hear the rustle of the shirt. It pleased him that he didn't want to turn around. Then he realized that was because he was mad.

When she told him it was all right to look she had the shirt on and buttoned. They both concentrated on the island.

The water was knee-deep when Haggerty went overboard and began pulling Sherry and the raft in. The tide was out and the reef was shallow and it was a long way. He was tired when they got there.

He flopped down on the white sand. "This is home," he said.

Sherry stood ten feet away from him, surveying the island.

Home, as Haggerty called it, was some eighty acres of near nothingness. Their island was blessed with a dozen palm trees, most of them bent at right angles from wind. There was some undergrowth, but it wasn't even dense enough to be inviting. The island was very still, except for their breathing.

"I hope you like fish," Haggerty said.

"And coconuts. Can we live on things like that?"

"We'll probably wind up deficient in vitamins, but we'll make it."

Sherry sat down near him. The shirt

was dry now. So were the slacks.

"Well," she said, "aren't we supposed to do something? I mean, make a shelter or look the place over or something?"

"I suppose so. Personally, I don't seem to be surging with ambition." He closed his eyes.

"Are you going to sleep?"

"I thought I might," Haggerty admitted. "I'm tired." He propped himself up on one elbow. "Sherry, tell me one thing."

"What's that?"

"I realize it's in damned poor taste, but are you a virgin?"

She looked at him a long time. She didn't seem surprised.

"Yes," she said at last.

Haggerty nodded. "Oh," he said. Then he closed his eyes again.

Sherry remained chaste for three hundred and thirty-two days after they arrived on the island.

You could, I suppose, deplore the situation if you set your mind to it. After all, Haggerty was a thrice-married thirty-eight and Sherry only seventeen by the time they, as she put it, "slept together."

I think three hundred and thirty-two days speak well for Haggerty's self control. Confine yourself to eighty acres of tropics with anyone at all and you're going to experience some familiarity.

So one thing led to another and their clothes began to wear out and there was lots to do together to turn the island into a home and one night just at sundown Haggerty grabbed her wrist.

He pulled her bronzed body close and they looked into each other's eyes.

After it was done, Sherry snuggled close to him and rubbed her finger slowly up and down his chest.



"I suppose the first thing they'll want is a dry towel."

"What do you think will happen now?" she asked him.

"You don't have anything to worry about," he reassured her. "I can't have children. I disappointed three wives because of that failing."

She sighed. "I guess that makes me wife number four," she said. "And girl number—how many?"

Haggerty shrugged.

"All the same," she went on, "I wish there were some way we could be really married."

He laughed. "Well, there is, you know. After all, we own this place, don't we?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Who the hell else would want it? So I hereby lay claim to this sandpile and christen it Haggerty's Island. As ruler, I proclaim us duly united under its laws."

She frowned. "Is it legal?"

"It is on Haggerty's Island," he told her.

That was how Haggerty became an emperor. He had found an unused piece of land, improved it and named it in his own honor. There have been stranger ways of founding a kingdom.

Haggerty had changed a good deal since arriving on the island. He had lost a lot of stomach and gained a lot of muscle.

Within six months after their "marriage," Haggerty found he had real reason to be concerned about those changes.

His hair was getting thicker. He couldn't shave, but he managed to keep his beard and hair fairly short by chopping at them with sharpened stones. Now his temples, long bare, were sprouting new foliage.

After that he began to spend much of the time examining his features in the clear water of the shallow reef that surrounded one side of Haggerty's Island.

Sherry noticed the changes, too. "You don't look any more than twenty-five," she told him once. "Do you suppose it's because we're alone together that I think you're better looking all the time?"

He hugged her. "Maybe. But I think this life has really been good for me. It's more than just my hair. You know, the corns are gone from my feet. My soles are tough from going barefoot, of course, but I had corns for darned near ten years."

After one change developed, others seemed to follow.

His digestive system, long a source of irritation, was nearing perfection. That could be because of the fish, fruit and coconut diet and the fact that he could no longer smoke two packs a day, he decided. He was losing his slouch, too, earned through long years of humping over a copy desk.

And he was altogether different mentally. For one thing, he didn't worry about his age any more. He felt young, because his body and his glands acted young.

For a long while he seemed to grow more virile and self-confident almost daily, but by the time Sherry was nineteen and



Haggerty was—or should have been—forty, frightening things happened.

His once rough beard was becoming silkier, glossier. His eyes had lost their sadness. Lines of cynicism no longer twisted his mouth. The wrinkles were gone from his forehead.

"Sherry," he said one morning, after a sleepless night, "I'm younger."

She snuggled close.

"I mean it," he went on. "Not just feeling younger. I am younger."

The queen of Haggerty's Island frowned up at him.

"I'm getting worried about it," he said.

She leaned over and kissed him. "You're silly," she said.

But when his beard disappeared entirely there was no use trying to avoid the issue any longer. Haggerty was growing backward.

As he began to lose stature, Sherry got scared. She avoided him. He flew into an adolescent huff and threatened suicide. She laughed. After a while he got so he didn't mind her avoidance.

As his voice took on a higher pitch, life on Haggerty's Island became unbearable for Sherry. Where she had once rebuffed him, she attempted now to titillate his flagging interest in her. He didn't respond. His necessary glands had retrogressed into immaturity.

The king of Haggerty's Island was assassinated one night while the queen's body trembled with desire and her mind ran red with anger.

She methodically crushed his head with a rock, then scooped a grave in the sand and buried him without ceremony.

I guess you remember the news when Sherry, at the age of twenty, was rescued from Haggerty's Island by a decrepit freighter, steaming far off course.

She was quite a celebrity, stateside. As a United World News staff member and an old friend of Haggerty's, I got to know her pretty well.

I wrote a book about their life on the island, you may remember. It wasn't quite true. It was about a girl marooned with a man who loved her, took care of her and eventually died in her arms—of fever.

We were married almost a year before she told me the whole story. I believed her. She's the kind of girl you believe.

"What do you think I should do?" she asked, miserably.

"Nothing," I advised. "Nobody besides you and Haggerty ever laid claim to the island. Since he never made a law regarding murder, you didn't commit a crime. Anyway, you had a perfect motive. No jury would ever convict you."

I pulled her close and kissed her. She smiled up at me.

Marriage to Sherry has been the best thing that ever happened to me. Only a year with her, and I feel like a new man.

And it isn't just my imagination. All my friends are beginning to notice it, too.

## CAN JAZZ BE PROGRESSIVE? (Continued from Page 29)

Vaughan, Ella Mae Morse and, sometimes, in the singing of Lena Horne and Jo Stafford. Among the male vocalists you get it from Frank Sinatra, Big Joe Turner, the late Al Jolson, Jimmy Rushing, Louis Jordan, Jack Teagarden, Louis Armstrong, Nat King Cole, Billy Daniels, Joe Williams, Johnny Mercer and Frankie Laine. There are others of course, many of them busy "making that bread" instead of singing the song as it should be sung, but these I have named are among the tops.

In spite of every attempt, including the current effort, to give it a nice, clean, socially acceptable background, jazz must remain exactly what it is: the music of the bawdy house, the cat flat, the barroom, the barrelhouse. It is the music of the open, dusty road, the Saturday night turpentine camp or cotton patch breakdown; it is in tune with the paddles of Mississippi steamboats churning the muddy water on a tranquil June night. It is the sound from jail cell and close-quarter dancing in shotgun houses in backwoods Alabama. It is the music of pimp and prostitute, the theme song of jukejoint, the reefer pad and the creep house.

Jazz was born in a bucket of chitterlings (hog entrails cleaned and cooked), nurtured on gin and brought to maturity in the walkup coldwater flats on Chicago's South Side, in New York's old Harlem. It was developed in the winding streets of its accepted birthplace, New Orleans; in the lamp-lighted sepulchral rooms of the rotting colonial mansions turned slum hovels of Gayoso Street in Memphis; in the flamboyant, life-ain't-worth-nothin' ghettos and "Pearl Harbors" of Houston, Dallas, Atlanta, Birmingham, Kansas City, St. Louis, Natchez, Louisville and Cincinnati.

And jazz, true jazz, is the music of hunger; not of the belly kind, as Robert W. Service talked about in his "Shooting of Dan McGrew," but the "gnawing hunger" for expression that swells to the bursting point until relieved through the fingers on piano keys, the lips of a mouthpiece, with sticks on a drum, the strings of a guitar, banjo or bull fiddle, or expressed through the vocal chords. Such a hunger cannot help being born of suffering; from being born on the wrong side of

the tracks. It is tied to lack—lack of living space, of opportunity, Jim Crow and segregation in a world that should know better.

Jazz is also the teenager left by his working mother (the father just disappeared) a breakfast of store-bought bread and black molasses and some hot bacon grease to pour into the syrup which is sopped with the bread. It is the five-year-old on the big city slum stoop playing hide-and-seek with others like him between the legs of streetwalkers, pimps, roustabouts, winos, policy runners, street corner preachers, hucksters, muggers and sidewalk bullies.

This then, is what jazz has to report, the bellyful you get when the records spin off the piano playing of the great boogie-woogie artists—Albert Ammons, Mead Lux Lewis, Jimmy Yancey, Sammy Price, Cleo Brown, Little Horace Malcolm, Pinetop Smith, Willie Mabon, Pete Johnson, Earl (Fatha) Hines (in his "Boogie on the St. Louis Blues"); Mary Lou Williams, Art Hodes, Harry (The Hipster) Gibson, Count Basie, Milt Buckner, Don Ewell, Joe Sullivan, Freddie Slack and Stomp Gordon.

You hear it in the trumpeting of Armstrong, Rex Stewart, the late Oran (Hot Lips) Page, Buck Clayton, Muggsy Spanier, Dizzy Gillespie, Cootie Williams, Max Kaminsky, Bunk Johnson, Bix Beiderbecke, King Oliver, Henry (Red) Allen; in the saxophone playing of Coleman Hawkins, Ike Quebec, Ben Webster, Bud Freeman, Flip Phillips, the late Charley (Yardbird) Parker, Johnny Hodges, Benny Carter, Georgie Auld, Lester Young and Sidney Bechet.

The trombone playing practitioners of this real jazz are Vic Dickenson, Jack Teagarden, Trummy Young, George Brunis, J. J. Johnson, Tyree Glenn, Dickie Wells, Ed (Clyde Bernhardt) Barron, Kid Ory, Lawrence Brown, Bill Harris, Tommy Dorsey, Benny Green, Preston Jackson, Jay C. Higginbotham, and Tricky Sam Nanton.

Among the clarinets I include Benny Goodman, Buster Bailey, Mezz Mezzrow, Edmond Hall, Barney Bigard, Buddy DeFranco, Jimmy Noone, Woody Herman, Jimmy Hamilton, Artie Shaw and Albert Nicholas. Bull fiddlers would be George (Pops) Foster, the late Jimmy Blanton, Walter Page, Oscar Pettiford, Milton Hinton, Israel Crosby, Artie Bernstein, Chubby Jackson, Billy Taylor, the late John Kirby, Wellman Braude, Dols Dickens, Artie Shapiro, Slam Stewart, Sid Weiss, Booker Collins and Jack Lesberg.

My drummers are Lionel Hampton, Gene Krupa, Cozy Cole, Jo Jones, Buddy Rich, Nick Fatool, Zutty Singleton, Morey Feld, J. C. Heard, George Wettling, Sonny Greer, the late Big Sid Catlett,

(Continued on next page)

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*Unromantic, female oyster,*

*couldn't make a single boy stir.*

*Explaining this, to a friendly clam,*

*she rationalized, "It's the way I am.*

*I'm neither fond of boys OR girls,*

*but get my kicks from making pearls."*

—Frank Campbell

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## CAN JAZZ BE PROGRESSIVE?

(Continued from Page 67)

Chris Columbus, Max Roach, the late Dave Tough, Ray McKinley, Jimmy Crawford and Red Saunders. Real jazz guitarists: the late Charley Christian, Floyd Smith, Johnny Smith, Freddy Greene, Danny Barker, Oscar and Johnny Moore, Lonnie Johnson, Mike McKendrick, John Collins, Brick Fleagle, Django Reinhardt, Teddy Bunn, Edie Condon, Al Casey, Les Paul and Albert Norris.

While blues and boogie woogie pianists are closest to lowbrow living (you've got to play at least five times for 40 couples in a living room the size of a telephone booth, drink potato-peel whiskey and eat chitterlings and cornbread), there are other great jazz piano players who don't play and never did play boogie but who are nevertheless, the greatest apostles of the jazz idiom. The greats among them are Art Tatum, Jelly Roll Morton, Oscar Peterson, Fats Waller, Teddy Napoleon, Billy Kyle, Ralph Sharon, Nat King Cole, Marlowe Morris, Duke Ellington, Errol Garner and Teddy Wilson.

Another thing you'll notice if you pay attention to what you hear: my goateed young aficionados of "modern" or cool piano are rapidly becoming a generation of one-handed players. In the rush to extract cool sounds from the instrument and get ratings in the trade magazine popularity polls, they put together a lot of right hand runs and arpeggios, stick the left hand in the pocket and have nerve enough to take solos.

That's why you'll seldom if ever attend a concert of piano soloing by most of the cool piano crowd. They'd die slowly and with torture if deprived of the "cover" of accompanying drums, bass fiddle and guitar. On the other hand, the so-called "old style" two-handed piano players can appear solo anywhere, including Carnegie Hall, the Academy of Music in Philadelphia, Tanglewood or at a carnival, and come out on top. Jess Stacy, Erroll Garner, Teddy Wilson, Art Tatum, Earl Hines, Oscar Peterson, Nat Cole, Joe Sanders, Claude Thornhill, Duke Ellington, Cliff Jackson, James P. Johnson, Willie The Lion Smith, Bud Powell and Marlowe Morris shoot with both hands. And there are few boogie woogie players—Meade Lux Lewis, Sammy Price, Art Hodes, Don Ewell, Pete Johnson and Mary Lou Williams, to name some—who couldn't appear to advantage in solo spots in formal concert environs.

You can't cross over the street from the idiom of jazz and still play it. That's why the break-through into the open market of the long-suppressed rhythm-and-blues or rock-and-roll just about knocked the flimsy, pretentious skyscraper the cool ones were constructing, with their innovations and novelties, into a cocked hat. Jazz has impact. The cool stuff doesn't. Jazz, whose fountainhead is the blues, ragtime and

boogie woogie, has no pretenses about it and, when it is uncovered, it's dirty, low-down, mean, ornery, loud, raucous, chary of discipline, impartial.

Willie Mabon's "I Don't Know," which became the first rhythm-and-blues tune to get on the pop charts after it crashed the barriers that so far had zealously confined this gutty, bedroom type of music among Negroes only, started people to patting their feet and snapping their fingers again. Kids who thought dancing to jazz—the cool kind—was just a routine of dawdling about on the floor trying to hear something that would put their feet in the groove, suddenly were aware that they'd been missing something great.

Until a move—through the rock-and-roll medium—was begun to put the music back in jazz, many of the big dancehalls, night clubs and jazz parlors were on the verge of folding their tents and giving up the ghost in favor of stripteasers and short-of-jokes comedians. Although heavy federal taxes on liquor sold in joints that offer singing and dancing has been a major worry of bistro owners, there has also been the fact that the attractions they booked in to entertain customers "just weren't doin' nothin'" to get people to switch from cokes to whiskey and to buy up some of them steaks out there in the icebox."

This factor, along with the 1940-48 bop craze, operated to break up the big jazz bands and the trios, quartets and other small ensembles took over playing what they called "cool sounds." But goatees and experimentation with noises don't make jazz and the champagne and whiskey buying crowd stayed home. It only started coming out again—at Newport, at Music Inn in Tanglewood—when jazz was returned to its origins for new inspiration and then brought back for another trial before the public.

Those origins were and still are low-brow, around the corner, in the alley, upstairs on the fifth floor, third door left, three knocks; in the teeming pleasure life of Black Chicago spending its money in tawdry taverns on Saturday and Sunday nights. There, you have the background for jazz. Chicago is and always has been its kitchen and New York, Los Angeles and San Francisco its parlor. The names of the musicians aren't familiar at all. You'd need a guide to point out the veteran jazz chefs—Muddy Waters, Little Horace Malcolm, the Howling Wolf, T-Bone Walker, Eddie (Cleanhead) Vinson, Doc Jo-Jo Adams, King Kolax, Buster Bennett, Memphis Slim, Sunnyland Slim, the Leake Twins, Big Chink Hester, Red Saunders, Lavern Baker, Doc Bagby and hundreds of others. All obscure people, mind you, but the ones on the lower level, down in the realm of the lowbrows where jazz was born and from whence it has never escaped.

ONE



## WOMAN CAN HELP (Continued from Page 33)

JOHN: Dearest. Please. Just answer the question.

EDNA: The Gallup Poll man doesn't complain.

FURST: I see. I think I have only one more question, Edna. When your husband comes home, weary at the end of a long day, and with problems he wants to talk out with you, are you a sympathetic listener?

EDNA: Certainly. He can gripe his head off if he wants to. It's no skin off my nose.

JOHN: Dear, I don't think that's exactly what. . .

FURST: Never mind, John. I believe I've found out all I need to know.

JOHN: But believe me, Mr. Furst, Edna isn't always like this.

EDNA: No. You should see me in a bathing suit.

FURST: No doubt. I have made up my mind, John. You are exactly the man the firm needs. You may consider yourself, as of now, vice president of Furst Products Corporation!

JOHN: Mr. Furst! I hardly know what to say!

EDNA: I know what to say. Thank God. Now I can have maid service every day.

JOHN: If you don't mind my asking, Mr. Furst, when did you decide this?

FURST: Just now. I pride myself on being an excellent judge of a man's . . . oh, here comes my wife now. Dear, I'd like you to meet some friends of mine.

MRS. FURST: Enough of this small talk. I want a double martini with a single olive.

FURST: But darling, this is the new vice president of the company and his wife. I've just told them the news.

MRS. FURST: Swell. But I bet they would have preferred Edward R. Murrow.

FURST: Heh-heh. I might as well warn you my wife is quite a kiddier. Whenever you're finished with your drink, dear, you'd better see if dinner is ready. You were late coming down, you know.

MRS. FURST: That's life, but this is Tuesday and the man from the Gallup Poll was here nearly all afternoon.

EDNA: Oh, do you take from them, too? What is yours like?

MRS. FURST: Good kid, but he asks too damn many questions.

FURST: While the girls are finishing their drinks, John, would you care to step over to the bar with me for another martini?

JOHN: I'd be delighted to, Mr. Furst. And if you don't mind, this time skip the olive.

(Arm in arm they amble, in sober, comradely dignity, to the bar.)

(CURTAIN)

## HOLLYWOOD HEEL (Continued from Page 31)

He did not bother to answer. He was already busy brushing his teeth.

"You mean what you said last night?" Jo asked.

Lyman spat out the toothpaste and rinsed his mouth. "What did I say last night?" He took an electric razor out of the medicine cabinet and plugged it in.

"About how I was so stupid and vulgar and you didn't want to see me anymore."

He flicked the switch of the razor on and off several times before answering. Then he began shaving and his voice was just barely audible over the hum. "You're not stupid and you're only occasionally vulgar but I don't think I want to see you any more. That much I meant."

"Can't you turn that thing off?"

He continued with the shaving. "You know I've got this lousy television interview. How can I turn it off? Can't keep the public waiting." He smiled as if this was some secret joke of theirs.

"Well, why?" she asked, abruptly dropping her feet away from the wall and standing. She stared intently at the razor working along the side of his face.

"You're too demanding," he said, "Too much for an old middle-aged bastard."

"Crap, to use one of your favorite terms," she said. "You know you use an awful lot of profanity for someone who thinks he's so smart. Sometimes you're very infantile, you know."

"It enhances my virile charms, the profanity, I mean. He-man stuff." He finished shaving, pulled the plug, wrapped the cord around the razor and shoved it back in the cabinet. He studied his face in the mirror. "Christ, I look awful. See what you do to me."

"Again, why? Not funny or offhand, huh? Serious."

He looked at her, trying to decide what she was after. "I don't know. If I knew, I'd tell ya. It's finished, that I know."

"What would you say if I told you I was p.g.?"

"What the hell is p.g.?"

"Pregnant."

"P.g., that's a new one. I must remember that. Is it a time saver or has pregnant suddenly become a dirty word?"

"Well, what would you say?" She leaned against the door jamb and buried her hands in the pockets of her jacket. She stared grimly at Lyman's bare feet.

"T.g.b., that's what I'd say."

"You're cute, too. What does that mean? Something nasty, I suppose."

"Too goddam bad, to put it bluntly. You're old enough to know better. P.g. or no, it wouldn't, couldn't, make any difference and you know it. If it's money I'll give ya whatever ya need. Handle it any way you like."

"You have very ugly feet," Jo said mildly. "I never noticed before."

"From my father. All the men in our family have ugly feet. We even wear socks at the beach." Lyman said, removing his robe. "I hate to disturb your reveries but I gotta take a shower, among other things. Maybe you wanna join me?"

Lyman pulled the shower curtain across the tub and began adjusting the water temperature before going in. "Hey, listen, Jo," he said turning his head. "Do me a favor and get my charcoal gray suit out of the closet and find me a shirt and some underwear. Be a good girl, huh?"

Jo stood in the doorway listening to him

splash around in the water and then turned back to the bedroom. She found a shirt and underwear in the bureau and placed them on the rumpled bed. She leaned over the bed and absently rubbed a pillow and then slowly, counting the number of steps it took, went to the closet and got the suit he wanted. She placed the suit carefully on a chair. Then she pulled another chair over to the bed, sat down propping her legs on the bed well away from his clothing. She took cigarettes and matches from her pocket. She lit a cigarette and then began tearing matches from the book and scattering them, unlighted of course, on the bed. She was blowing smoke rings when Lyman emerged from the bathroom.

"What's this?" Lyman asked.

"What?"

"All this crap all over the bed?"

"Matches."

"I know what they are. Whatinhell they doing all over the bed?"

"I threw them."

"Jesus, what a child."

"You don't care if I'm pregnant."

"Of course I care, but there's nothing I can do. That's the way it is."

"You could be sympathetic at least."

"Sympathetic, hell. You're lucky I'm speaking to ya after last night. What were we drinking anyway?"

"You were drinking vodka."

"Who all was there?" Lyman asked.

"All kinds of people floating around. Your friend Eddy was there. God, how I detest that man."

"Teddy, you mean. Jesus, you know that man two years and still you call him Eddy. Your memory's worse than mine."

"I don't like him," she said, watching him knot his tie. "His hands sweat and  
(Continued on next page)



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## HOLLYWOOD HEEL (Continued from Page 69)

he always holds my arm as if I'm going  
to run away or something."

"I don't like him, either, but he's a  
good agent."

"You know, it's twenty steps from the  
head of the bed to the closet."

"Well, now isn't that interesting," he  
said, jamming a handkerchief into his  
lapel pocket. "Write it down for me will  
ya? I like to have little gems like that  
handy. I might use it on television this  
morning. How do I look?"

"Gorgeous," she said. She was now  
holding a tiny automatic in her right hand  
and it was pointing straight at his stomach.

"What's that?"

"A gun."

"For Chrissake, Jo, I can see it's a gun,"  
he said, irritably, looking to the ceiling  
as if seeking deliverance of some sort.  
"Much more of this inane goddam con-  
versation I can't take. Whadaya think  
you're gonna do with it?"

"I may shoot you," she said mildly.

"Are you really in trouble?" he asked,  
seriously.

"Yes."

"And you're gonna shoot me?"

"Maybe," she said, hesitantly.

Whatever Lyman was about to say was  
stopped by a knock on the door in the  
other room. "Come in," he called. They  
heard the door open.

"What is it?" Lyman shouted.

"The waiter. Your coffee, sir."

"Well, put it down in there someplace.  
Put a dollar on the check for yourself."

"You have to sign, sir," the waiter said.

"Oh, my back," Lyman said, gritting  
his teeth. "What a Christawful morning  
this had been. My head's crackling."

The waiter came to the bedroom door.  
He looked at the gun in Jo's hand and  
then at Lyman. Lyman signed the check.

"Is something wrong, sir?" the waiter  
asked.

"No," Lyman said, glancing back at  
Jo. "We're rehearsing a television script."

"You sure?" the waiter asked softly.

"Certainly I'm sure. Now beat it, will  
ya, please. We're busy."

He waited until he heard the door close,  
and then he said, "Put that silly goddam  
thing away before someone gets hurt."

She tossed the gun on the bed. "It isn't  
even loaded," she said.

"Some game." He sat down on the edge  
of the bed. He put his hand to his fore-  
head and winced.

"You're certainly a cool one. Nothing  
ever reaches you does it? I was kind of  
hoping you'd cringe or beg for mercy or  
something like that."

"I've faced a gun in so goddam many  
movies the fearless hero bit just comes  
naturally."

"All of a sudden I'm very tired," Jo  
said. "I feel like I could sleep for a week."

The phone rang and Lyman reached  
over and picked it up. "Hello," he said.

"Whataya tryin' to pull?" Teddy said.  
"It's almost eight-thirty. I hope you  
wasn't thinking of doing one of your fa-  
mous disappearing acts. You better drag  
your tail over here, but quick."

"All right. I'm just going out the door,"  
Lyman said and hung up. "Teddy. I gotta  
get going. There's coffee in there. Stick  
around and we'll talk when I get back."

"What's to talk about?" Jo said. She  
struggled out of her mink jacket and  
kicked her loafers off. She stood, picked  
the gun off the bed and tossed it on one  
of the chairs. She flopped into bed on  
her back and pulled the covers up around  
her chin.

"I'm not so goddam callous as you think  
I am," Lyman said, going to the closet  
and getting a topcoat and hat.

"You're a lousy egomaniac," Jo said  
to the ceiling. "You want some gushy  
little blonde to tell you how wonderful  
you are every other minute. You can't  
stand anybody that's honest. That's why  
you're always talking about not seeing  
me anymore. You'll be around, though.  
And the really terrible thing is, I'll be  
waiting."

"Don't do anything silly." He came  
over, bent and kissed her forehead. "Get  
some sleep. You'll feel better." He left the  
room. He poured a cup of coffee, took  
several quick sips, checked his watch and  
then left the suite. He walked unhurriedly  
along the dim hotel corridor. Seeing him,  
no one would have guessed that he was  
nursing a monumental hangover or that  
he was late for an important interview.

Jo heard the door close. "Such a slob,"  
she said aloud and was not sure if she  
was referring to Lyman or herself. Tears  
started leaking out of her eyes and curved  
along her cheeks.

Lyman stood off camera watching the  
emcee do a commercial. The emcee had  
a crewcut and wore large horn-rimmed  
glasses. He affected a very easy, relaxed  
manner. He was seated behind a desk,  
only slightly smaller than Grant's Tomb,  
surrounded by a barrage of cameras,  
microphones and technicians. The emcee  
finished up the commercial and said, "And  
now we have a real treat for you. I hate  
to keep using that trite old phrase, but  
here is a man who needs no introduction.  
One of Hollywood's foremost stars, he's  
made so many wonderful pictures he's  
stopped counting. He's here in New York  
for the premier of his great new film,  
"Black Weather." He's not only a star,  
but one of Hollywood's top family men,  
happily married for fifteen years, and has  
four lovely children. Let's welcome Lyman  
Howard."

Lyman was smiling wryly as he came  
into camera range.



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*A brief resume giving the girl's age, height, weight, general measurements and coloring, along with an outline of her special talents, must be included.*

*Choice of costume is up to the entrant, but her garb should be designed to display her most provocative charms.*

*Any clear photograph, including snapshots, will be acceptable, either in black-and-white or color.*

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